

THE CRITIC

Vol. XLV

NOVEMBER, 1904

No. 5

The Lounger

It is curious that the fantastic and interesting Mr. George Bernard Shaw should have come into his own as a dramatist in this country. Mr. Shaw's plays have been produced in London, but they have not run there for a season as they have in New York. The success of "Candida" was one of the wonders of last winter's theatrical season, and its successful revival this fall was also a marvel in the theatrical world. His new play, written expressly for Mr. Arnold Daly and his American audiences, "How She Lied to Her Husband," has been received with certain reservations. It is in Mr. Shaw's most confusing manner and rather disturbs the admirers of "Candida" by the way it pokes fun at that play. Just how long the Shaw cult will last it is hard to say, but there is no denying that G. B. S. knows how to give his audiences a mental tickle.

We never feel quite sure of Mr. Shaw as we do of Mr. Pinero. Pinero we feel is entirely serious, Shaw never. Shaw's wit is topsy-turvy. Pinero's is straight. There is much difference of opinion over Pinero's "Letty," produced at the Hudson Theatre in this city, many people finding it more un-

pleasant than "Iris." Perhaps it is, but it does not seem so to me. There is no humor and very little wit to relieve the strain of "Iris," while "Letty" scintillates with the flashes of Pinero's two-edged pen. Of course, the play is morbid, but its morbidity is relieved by its comedy. Mr. Frohman brought a good company together for this play, and Mr. Faversham does his best acting in the part of Letchmere; Miss Julie Opp reveals new qualities as the vulgar saleslady of the "Magazang"; Mr. Arthur Playfair, as the successful Hebrew bucket-shop proprietor, gives a clever character study, while Miss Nillson as Letty imitates all the faults of Mrs. Fiske.

Mrs. Fiske's revival of "Becky Sharp" at the Manhattan Theatre has attracted large audiences. The cast is not the same as that of the first performance, but it is a good one. Mr. John Mason plays the part of Rawdon Crawley, and though he plays it intelligently he cannot make us forget Mr. Maurice Barrymore who created the part. Every one who has the interests of the drama at heart will wish success to Mrs. Fiske in her efforts to establish a stock company in New York.

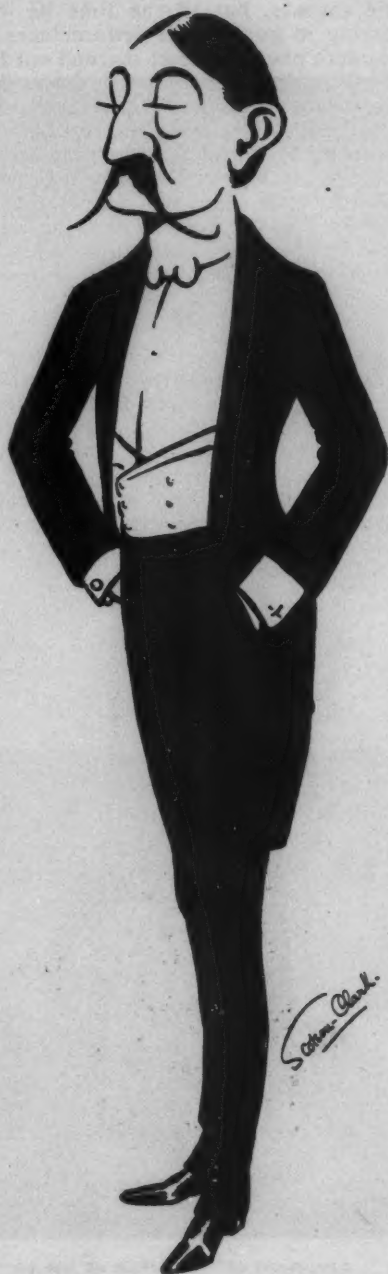
A special cable despatch to the *Sun* tells us that Dr. Pellegrin and an architect by the name of Petit have designed a method for erecting houses on rotating platforms so that the buildings can be made to face any required direction. These gentlemen may have invented a machine for turning houses, but the idea is not original with them. Theatre-goers of fifteen or twenty years ago will remember that Mr. Charles Barnard had a revolving house in a farce of his concoction called "We, Us, and Co." Mr. Barnard's house was built on a railroad turn-table, so that each room could get the sun at certain hours of the day. The fact that the rooms were not always in the same place led to many farcical combinations. Dr. Pellegrin and Mr. Petit may never have heard of Mr. Barnard's turn-table house, but it would not be hard to prove that the American was the first in the field.

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Mr. John Drew has come into his own again as the Duke of Killicrankie, the hero of Captain Marshall's amusing if impossible little comedy. Mr. Drew fell from grace when he appeared as Richard Carvel. Romantic drama is not his specialty, but in modern comedy, when he can play John Drew, he is all that an exacting audience could ask.

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Those persons who have called loudly for Shakespeare on the stage and berated the theatrical syndicate and other managers for not giving them Shakespeare to the exclusion of other authors, have now an opportunity to prove the genuineness of their words. Mr. Charles Frohman has given us in the Sothern-Marlowe company an opportunity to see the plays of Shakespeare acted as Shakespeare himself never dreamed of. Only three plays have been chosen for this season, "Romeo and Juliet," "Much Ado About Nothing," and "Hamlet." While Miss Marlowe has made a fortune out of "book plays" that were unworthy of her indisputed talent, she has all along pined to return to Shakespeare. Mr. Sothern, as we



THE DUKE OF KILLICRANKIE

know, was a successful actor of romantic comedy, but all the time he was taking in gold for his performances in modern plays his heart reached out for Shakespeare. Now Mr. Frohman has given Miss Marlowe, Mr. Sothern, and the public their opportunity; and he is to be congratulated and they are to be congratulated. The present generation will talk about this combination of "stars" as the older generation talks about the Booth-Barrett and the Booth-Modjeska combinations.

22

The group of ladies in the little picture below are the authors of "The Affair at the Inn," a more or less successful bit of collaboration. One cannot take these collaborated stories very seriously, and this particular one is not intended as a bit of seriousness. It was apparently written by way of amusement, and it will be read for the same purpose.

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The accompanying portrait represents Mr. Moncure D. Conway very much as he looks to-day though it was made some years ago. The only differ-



CO-AUTHORS OF "THE AFFAIR AT THE INN"

Miss Stewart
Miss Jane Findlater

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin
Miss Mary Findlater



THE LATE MR. LAFCADIO HEARN

ence between his appearance now and then is that his hair is whiter than it would seem to be in the picture, but otherwise the likeness is admirable. I had occasion to speak of Mr. Conway's forthcoming "Autobiography" in a previous number of THE CRITIC, and I shall have something more to say about it when the book is published. I am looking forward to its publication with unusual interest.

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The death of Lafcadio Hearn is a distinct loss to American letters. Mr. Hearn was literary to his finger tips. His life was as fantastic as his writings. He was born in the Ionian Islands, passed his childhood in Wales, Ireland, England, and France, was educated by private tutors and at various Roman Catholic schools and colleges. At the age of eighteen he came to America and found his way to Cincinnati, where he learned the printer's trade and afterwards became a journalist in that city. Then he went to New Orleans, still following the profession of journalist. From New Orleans he went to the West Indies, and later came to New York. From New York he went to



Courtesy of

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MR. MONCURE D. CONWAY



MRS. E. NESSBIT BLAND AND HER DAUGHTER

Japan, where he made his living by teaching. There he married a Japanese wife and became a subject of the empire, taking the name of Y. Koizumi. While following the profession of journalist, he wrote strange stories which attracted attention though they were never among the "six best selling books." After he settled in Japan he devoted himself to writing Japanese stories, the latest volume of these, "Kwaidan," being recently published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company. The day before his death he passed by cable the final proof of the last chapter of his new book, "Japan: an Attempt at Interpretation," which bears the imprint of the Macmillan Company. Mr. Hearn's own life would make as interesting and curious a story as any fiction that he ever wrote.



DR. WILFRED T. GRENFELL

The lady who signs the pen-name of "E. Nesbit" is in private life Mrs. E. Nesbit Bland. She is an English woman, but her stories have found as much if not more favor in this country than in England. "The Would-Be-Goods," which was published serially in *Harper's Bazar*, and later in book form by Messrs. Harper, is now followed by "The Phoenix and the Carpet," from the Macmillan Press. "E. Nesbit" has written a long list of books, but it is only lately that she has become genuinely popular in England as well as in this country.

The author of "Dr. Luke of The Labrador" is concerned lest the public should identify any actual person with the hero of his romance. And the apprehension is a natural one, as there is in reality a physician who is doing the same splendidly humane service in that remote corner of the world that the fictitious "Dr. Luke"

is described as doing. Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, an Oxford man, has devoted his life to supplementing the totally inadequate service rendered by the doctor of the mail boat which affords the chief point of contact between the Labrador fishermen and the outer world—a service necessarily inadequate because the boat visits the region in question only once in three weeks during the summer, and not at all during the rest of the year. Mr. Duncan knows Dr. Grenfell intimately, and spent several weeks with him last sum-

mer; and it is a fair presumption that many of the incidents in his novel are based on the actual experiences of the Labrador doctor; but the plot of the story bears no relation whatever to the life of the author's friend. And yet, however insistently this fact may be asserted, I shall be greatly surprised if the public does not immediately identify the actual Dr. Grenfell with the wholly fictitious hero of the romance, and persist in calling him "the real Dr. Luke of The Labrador" in spite of his protestations, for like men of his character he is exceptionally modest.



MRS. BISHOP IN MANCHU DRESS

The portrait of Dr. Grenfell here presented is reproduced from the *Record of Christian Work*, where it accompanied an article by Mr. S. Edgar Briggs on the doctor's labors in Labrador—labors as truly missionary as if he were a founder of churches instead of hospitals. This article, I am glad to hear, has brought forth some liberal contributions toward the work in question; and further gifts will doubtless follow the appearance in

Harper's Monthly for December of an illustrated paper on Dr. Grenfell by Mr. Duncan himself. The subject of these articles is to spend some time in New York this winter. He, too, is an author, by the way, having already published one little book on Labrador, and planned another. The latter is a work of fiction, telling the story of a boy's life in the land that will soon become familiar to English-speaking folk through the pages of "Dr. Luke."

Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, who died a few weeks ago, was a woman of unusual courage and perseverance. In her "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," which is still an authority on that country, and in "The Yangtse Valley," she tells of experiences that seem almost incredible; and yet no one has ever doubted the truth of Mrs. Bishop's statements. Although a small woman, she had the courage of a giant and was always armed for emergencies. For eight consecutive years she travelled in Asia, and, later, five years more. She has also travelled in this country, and written of "A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains."



There has been much speculation as to the authorship of "The Jessica Letters," and it will be a surprise to some astute guessers to find that not any of the persons accused of having written this clever story are the real authors. With the new edition of the book the names of the authors will appear on the title page. They are Mrs. Lundy Howard Harris and Mr. Paul Elmer



MRS. L. H. HARRIS



MR. PAUL E. MORE

More. Mrs. Harris has come conspicuously to the front in the last few years as a writer on vital subjects. Whatever she writes attracts attention and comment. Her contributions to the *Independent* and to THE CRITIC have been among the most noticed of any published in those journals. Mr. More, who is now the literary editor of the *Evening Post*, was the literary editor of the *Independent*, and it was while holding that office that he began his correspondence with Mrs. Harris, who lives in Nashville, Tenn. The love story in "The Jessica Letters" belongs to the realm of fiction, but the letters themselves were begun as facts before Mr. More and Mrs. Harris had met. After they had exchanged a few the idea occurred to them that they might work them out into a story, so they elaborated them and made the series which ran so successfully through THE CRITIC. Published in book form these letters have received unusual attention from the critics on both sides of the ocean.



Mr. More is rising into fame not only as an editor but as a writer of literary essays. In a recent number of the



MISS ELIZABETH G. JORDAN

Revue de deux Mondes, Th. Benzon, who follows the course of American literature with unusual care and enthusiasm, writes: "I know but one critic who has fully rendered justice to Lafcadio Hearn. It is he who in the United States signs these penetrating studies with the name of Paul Elmer More."

22

This snapshot of Miss Elizabeth G. Jordan, the editor of *Harper's Bazar*, and author of numerous stories of popular interest, was taken in the grounds of a Western convent where Miss Jordan found a well-earned rest some weeks ago. Miss Jordan's new book, by the way, is published this month. It is called "May Iverson—Her Book," and is a story of school-girl life in a large convent in the West.

May Iverson tells the story. She is a new type and an entertaining one. May Iverson, I may say in passing, is a high-strung, very sentimental, exceedingly emotional girl of fourteen, with literary aspirations. Miss Jordan not only writes books, but she has books dedicated to her. One is, "The Memoirs of a Baby," the writing of which, I believe, she suggested to Miss Daskam. Miss Jordan wanted a story of this sort for the *Bazar*, and she selected Miss Daskam as the one who could write it the best. They talked it over and at first Miss Daskam was doubtful about doing it; but finally she became enthusiastic over the idea, and the result is the most popular story she has written.

23

When Guy Carryl died on the first of last April he was mourned as an amazingly clever young author. Proof of his cleverness he had given in writings of many kinds, but his light, witty, and epigrammatic fiction had been especially appreciated. Now a posthumous work is announced so different in vein that it has moved Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman to say in his introduction that if Guy Carryl had belonged to an earlier generation he would probably have become chiefly known as a poet. His poetry of a certain kind is not unfamiliar.



MR. GUY WETMORE CARRYL



MR. ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

air,—his humorous poems for children that really make the children laugh and the grown-up people as well,—but Mr. Stedman is referring to his serious poetry, which will be collected in the new book called "The Garden of Years," after the opening and most ambitious poem. Some of the other poems have already appeared in magazines. At least one of these, "Phœbus Apollo," harking alluringly back to Paganism, must have been noticed by a few, even in this unpoetical age. The Putnams are to publish "The Garden of Years" this month, with a colored frontispiece by Maxfield Parrish. Those who like the old Guy Carryl best have in store a book to their taste in "Far from the Maddening Girls," which is to be brought out this fall by McClure, Phillips, & Co.

Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine has written a biography of the late Thomas Nast

that will keep that famous cartoonist's memory green. To the young people of to-day the name of Thomas Nast means comparatively little, but their elders know of the good work that Mr. Nast did at the time when the "Tweed Ring" ruled New York. His cartoons, together with George William Curtis's editorials, and the exposure of the "Ring's" methods, published in the *Times*, dragged New York out of a slough of disgrace.



The lady who prefers to be known as the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress," rather than by her real name, has kindly given me permission to publish her portrait in *THE CRITIC*. Of course any one who knows her will recognize the picture, but as she virtually lives the life of a recluse, devoting herself to her family and her farm, there is little danger of recognition. In Europe, on the Continent, it will be



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THE AUTHOR OF "THE MARTYRDOM OF AN EMPRESS"

better known, for her face was a familiar one at courts some few years ago. The latest book by this writer is "Imperator et Rex," and is a spirited defence of certain charges made against Emperor William.

22
 "An Irishman's Story" is the title of a volume of reminiscences by Mr. Justin McCarthy, which is just issued by the Macmillan Company. This is not the first volume of reminiscences written by Mr. McCarthy, nor is it likely to be the last. Mr. McCarthy has had a long and interesting life and he knows how to get the most "copy" out of it. I do not mean by this that he forces his pen; on the contrary, I imagine that it is an easy-flowing one, for his style is certainly most lucid and untrammelled. Mr. McCarthy was born in Cork in 1830, and at the age of eighteen began his career as a journalist. For many years he was one of the leaders of the Irish party, in and out of the

House of Commons, and yet he had friends among the most conservative Englishmen because of his many personal attractions. Mr. McCarthy has written novels as well as history and he knows how to extract juice from the driest facts.

22
 Perhaps no European sculptor is better known in America than the late Frederic Auguste Bartholdi, the sculptor of the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," which dominates New York harbor. Bartholdi was not the greatest sculptor in France, and yet as far as this country goes his name is much better known than that of Rodin, for not only did he make the statue of "Liberty," but his name is associated with two of our city's most conspicuous squares—Union Square, where his statue of Lafayette stands, and Madison Square, which is flanked by a hotel bearing his name.



MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY



SEÑOR BENITO PEREZ GALDÓS
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The Irish political leader, John Edward Redmond, M.P., is president of the committee in charge of the monument to the late Charles Stewart Parnell, which, had it not been destroyed in a recent fire, would have been unveiled in Dublin next fall. Recently Mr. Redmond visited the sculptor, Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens, at his home in Windsor, Vermont, where he remarked to the latter: "It is appropriate that the commission of this work should have been given to you, who are half Irish, since Parnell himself was half American." To which the artist replied: "But not as strange as the fact that the caricatures in *Punch* by John Tenniel, once aimed at Parnell's destruction, have now become the best material I can find to work from in my attempt at a likeness in this statue to Parnell's honor." The monument consists of the figure of Parnell in bronze, one arm raised as if to speak, standing before an obelisk about forty feet high. In addition to a small model of the work in the studio, a facsimile in cardboard had been erected in an adjacent field, that a careful judgment might be made of the relative size of figure and shaft. Mr. Redmond thought the likeness of Parnell the best he had ever seen, "without its equal in Ireland," and admired the simplicity and strength of the monument as appropriate for the subject.

The long-expected "Memoir" of Aubrey de Vere by his literary executor, Mr. Wilfrid Ward, has at last appeared from the Longmans' press. No poet ever had a more poetic name than that of Aubrey de Vere, and his temperament was as poetic as his name. His poetry, however, was more charming than great. Sara Coleridge, the daughter of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who knew Mr. de Vere well, declared it was his poetic temperament that gave him his peculiar significance and charm. "I have lived among poets a great deal," she wrote, "and have known greater poets than he is, but a more entire poet, one more a poet in his whole mind and temperament, I never knew or met with."

I regret to say that I never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. de Vere, but I have had many letters from him, all of which had the stateliness and charm that were part of the man's character and which are so well characterized in his portrait by Mr. Sargent. Mr. Ward gives many extracts from Mr. de Vere's diaries, which, as he knew most of the interesting men of his day, give charming pictures of contemporary literary life. Wordsworth was his intimate friend as well as the master upon whose style he built his own. I quote one of the entries in his diary about the poet of Rydal Mount:

He strikes me as the kindest and most simple-hearted old man I know, and I did not think him less sublime for inquiring often after you [his sister], and saying that you were not a person to be forgotten. He talks in a manner very peculiar. As for duration, it is from the rising up of the sun to the going down of the same. As for quality, a sort of thinking aloud, a perpetual purring of satisfaction. He murmurs like a tree in the breeze; as softly and as incessantly; it seems as natural to him to talk as to breathe. He is by nature audible, as well as visible, and goes on thus, uttering his being just as a fountain continues to flow, or a star to shine. In his discourse I was at first principally struck by the extraordinary purity of his language, and the absolute perfection of his sentences; but by degrees I came to find a great charm in observing the exquisite balance of his mind, and the train of associations in which his thoughts followed each other. He does not put forward thoughts like those of Coleridge, which astonished his hearers by their depth or vastness, but you gradually discover that there is a sort of inspiration in the mode in which his thoughts flow out of each other, and connect themselves with outward things. He is the voice and nature the instrument; and they always keep in perfect tune.

Tennyson also was one of Mr. de Vere's intimate friends. He knew him in his early days when his life was not as easy as it was in his later years. Here is an account of a morning call that Mr. de Vere made upon the poet:

On my way in, paid a visit to Tennyson, who seemed much out of spirits, and said he could no

longer bear to be knocked about the world, and that he must marry, and find love and peace, or die. He was very angry about a very favorable review of him. Said that he could not stand the chattering and conceit of clever men, or the worry of society, or the meanness of tuft-hunters, or the trouble of poverty, or the labor of a place, or the preying of the heart on itself. . . . He complained much about growing old, and said he cared nothing for fame, and that his life was all thrown away for want of a competence and retirement. Said that no one had been so much harassed by anxiety and trouble as himself. I told him he wanted occupation, a wife, and orthodox principles, which he took well.

Aubrey de Vere lived to be a very old man and to the end he kept up his interest in literature and literary people. I find no mention in his book of Browning or Dickens or Thackeray. I am not so surprised at the omission of the latter names as at that of Browning. There is, however, a good deal of Carlyle and of John Stuart Mill, which shows that he did not confine his friendships entirely to the poets.

Some time ago it was only the actor who had a press agent, but nowadays every well-equipped author has one. This assiduous gentleman makes it his business to keep the daily papers as well as the literary journals thoroughly posted in all that the author has done or is doing. He tells "droll stories of his infancy," and of his riper years. We are told that at the early age of two he called for a fountain-pen and wrote stories that were the cradle talk of the neighborhood. Not only his literary attainments, but his accomplishments in other directions, are pointed out. He was an expert oarsman at ten, a dead shot at eleven. On the table in his "den" are scores of trophies he has won in athletic contests. Publishers' checks litter his desk—in his absent-minded way he lights his pipe with them. The author must be kept before the public. The press agent must earn his salary. Not only the press agent but the publisher fills the editor's mail with anecdotes of the author he happens to be booming at the time. It is usually the "social side" of his author that the publisher

exploits. Mr. Jargon Wordpainter was one of the distinguished family of de Wordepayntre that came to this country in the *Sunflower*, his mother is the twentieth vice-president of the Kalamazoo Chapter of the Colonial Daughters, and can trace her origin in an unbroken line to King Canute. Sometimes the publisher tells us that this first novel by Mr. Wordpainter has gone into a second, perhaps a third, edition before it has left the press. Between the publisher and the press agent the author is likely to lose his head and the public and the editors are more than likely to lose their patience.

A manager told me that he once took a young actor out on his first starring tour, and to help the business he sent laudatory notices to the press throughout the country, all of which were duly published. The "star" swallowed the compliments with avidity and pasted them all neatly in his scrap-book. It was not long, however, from being a comparatively modest man—for an actor,—he became the embodiment of conceit. To quote the manager, "his head swelled visibly," and there was no doing anything with him. When the manager ventured to criticise him he opened up his scrap-books and said: "My public likes me as I am; I can see no reason to change." At last things got so bad, the actor became so unmanageable, that the manager was obliged to take another course. He caused notices to be published saying that Mr. Buskin Strutter was the worst actor on the stage and otherwise abusing him until he finally got him down from his high horse and he became manageable again. I cite this as a warning to publishers. If they do not stop sending out egregious puffs of their young authors they will find themselves in the position of my friend the manager.

The International Quarterly, edited by Mr. Frederick Richardson, has just been taken over by Messrs. Fox, Duffield, & Company, who act as publishers

for the editor, who is also the proprietor. When this *Quarterly* was first started, Mr. Richardson was, I believe, his own publisher. Then the Macmillan Company took it over, and now Messrs. Fox, Duffield, & Company, who were on the lookout for a magazine to bear their imprint, have become its publishers, and are fortunate in getting so dignified a publication as *The International Quarterly*. This quarterly *de luxe* would attract attention by its appearance, if not by its contents, though as far as the latter goes few periodicals have a finer list of contributors. I don't suppose that *The International Quarterly* has a circulation equal to that of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, but this is the misfortune of the public rather than the fault of the editor.



If all motorists took motoring in the spirit of Mr. Kipling, there would be fewer accidents and less opposition by the average man to the automobile. When the automobile is used sanely as a means of going about the country and not as a racing machine, there will be fewer people expressing the blood-thirsty desire to shoot the automobilist as he flies. Mr. Kipling writes, in an introduction to a book on motoring, published by McClure, Phillips, & Co. that the chief end of his car, so far as he is concerned, is the discovery of England.

To me [he writes] it is a land full of stupefying marvels and mysteries; and a day in the car in an English county is a day in some fairy museum where all the exhibits are alive and real and yet none the less delightfully mixed up with books. For instance, in six hours I can go from the land of the "Ingoldsby Legends," by way of the Norman Conquest and the Barons' War, into Richard Jefferies' country, and so through the Regency, one of Arthur Young's less known tours, and "Celia's Ar-

bor" into Gilbert White's territory. Horses, after all, are only horses; but the car is a time-machine, on which one can slide from one century to another at no more trouble than the pushing forward of a lever.

The motor car used as Mr. Kipling uses it becomes a literary pilgrim rather than a car of Juggernaut.



The food question seems to be agitating a great many people at present. Whether to eat meat or not to eat meat, to eat a breakfast or not to eat a breakfast, are the subjects of wide controversy. "A medical practitioner" writes to the London *Daily Chronicle* that "the breakfast table test is one of the first applied by the medical man making inquiries into the condition of a patient's alimentary or digestive system." And he argues that the question whether a man be in good or bad health is settled by his eating or abstaining from eating a hearty breakfast. It seems to me that questions of this sort are only to be settled by one's own self. If a man feels healthier and happier after eating a heavy breakfast let him eat one, and if he feels healthier and happier with only a cup of tea or coffee and a roll to begin the day on let him have his tea or coffee and roll and be happy. It is the same in the matter of meat or no meat. When one goes without meat simply as a fad and pines away while carrying out the theory that meat is a bad thing to eat, then he has made a mistake and the sooner he rectifies it the better. But there are undoubtedly men and women so organized that they are better off without meat than with it. Fads are foolish, but when one regulates one's diet according to the demands of one's system, that is another thing, though I can never be convinced that a diet of nuts is a wholesome one.



The Cost of Living Abroad

III.—Italy *

By L. VILLARI

[The series of articles on "The Cost of Living Abroad," of which this is the third, was prepared with special reference to the English reader, and appears in the *Cornhill Magazine* of London as well as in *THE CRITIC*. It was found impracticable to change the pounds, shillings, and pence into American money, or to make other changes, as they would necessitate a virtual rewriting of the papers. The articles have been most carefully prepared, and so well written that they cannot fail to interest the American as well as the English reader as they stand.—EDITOR, *THE CRITIC*.]

It is a somewhat complicated matter to compare the family budgets of two countries, especially of two countries where the conditions of life, the habits and tastes of the people, and the general wealth of the communities are so different as are those of Italy and England. The difficulty arises from the absence of any common denominator by which to institute the comparison between the respective incomes and expenditure. Mere money value is an inaccurate standard, because an income of, say, £800 a year in England is a very different thing from what it would be in Italy. In the first place incomes of that figure are far less numerous in the latter country than in the former; for although Italy's economic position has certainly made marvellous progress during the last few years, and every branch of national wealth and finance is expanding in the most satisfactory manner, the general standard of prosperity is still very low, and what would be regarded as a modest competence in England would pass as a large fortune in Italy. On the other hand, the general expenses of life are lower, and the necessity and even the opportunity for large outlay are smaller, especially in the middle and in the working classes. Less is expected of them, and indeed the well-known frugality and simplicity of the Italian people make them less inclined to spend money on luxurious living, and to prefer to save and invest superfluous income. It is this that reduces expenditure rather than the greater cheapness of living. Italians who go to England say that

there "everything costs less, but one spends much more." Although paradoxical, there is much truth in the statement, many items being almost if not quite as expensive in Italy as in England; but the balance is more than redressed by the greater simplicity of life. This has its bad as well as its good side, and the love of saving, which in many cases amounts to a morbid passion, weakens the spirit of enterprise, and obliges people to bring up their children in an unsatisfactory manner, thereby unfitting them for the battle of life. At the same time it occasionally produces a reaction in the latter which makes them fly to extravagance as soon as they are their own masters.

Another difficulty in dealing with Italian budgets is the great difference of condition between one part of the country and another, both in the upper and the lower strata of society. In such towns as Milan or Turin there is an appearance of wealth, comfort, and culture that argue a prosperous and progressive population, and in the agricultural districts improvements are everywhere conspicuous; whereas the poverty-stricken South, without industries, its agriculture in a state of depression, and with a miserable and ignorant proletariat, is among the least favored lands in Europe. These differences are so great that it is not possible to present a typical family budget which is even approximately representative of all Italy. I can only choose one or two types from one part of the country, which in this case shall be Central Italy, both because I know it best and also because from its position it more

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nearly approaches a medium than either the northern or the southern provinces.

My first example will be the budget of a middle-class family residing in Florence. The *paterfamilias* is a professional man earning 7000 lire a year, while his private income and that of his wife's *dot*, invested in Government securities at four per cent. (the favorite investment, after land, of private fortunes in Italy), amounts to another 3000 lire. Thus the family has in all 10,000 lire or £400 per annum with which to get along and bring up four children. It must be remembered that a family of the corresponding description in England would have more than double this income, but on the other hand it would have to do more in the way of entertaining and keeping up appearances. With some exceptions the Italian professional classes do not mix with the smart society, where alone entertaining on a large scale is done, and even in their own circle they hardly ever give a regular dinner party or even a large reception. They occasionally ask a friend or two in to a meal, the wife has an "at home" day, and on certain festivals there is a large family gathering; but everything is done in the simplest manner.

Let us now see how our family spends its income. The first question is that of house rent, and in this the differences between English, and especially London, conditions are most conspicuous. In London the question of situation is more important than that of size, and a family of moderate means has to choose between a fair-sized house in an unfashionable quarter at a great distance from the centre of things, and a very small one in a better position. But in Italy few towns are so large that distance is a serious consideration, and these have usually a good and cheap tram service. Rents vary very little according to the situation; they may be somewhat higher in two or three fashionable streets, but even in the most aristocratic quarters cheap apartments are to be found. In many cases, in fact, the same house shelters very rich families on the first and second floors, while the garrets and basements

are let in lodgings to the poorest of the poor. You cannot argue a man's income and social position, even approximately, from his address as you can in England. If one lives outside the town gates, both rent and living expenses generally are much lower, but there are other inconveniences which more than balance the advantages. The family we are describing will in all probability inhabit a flat, not far from the centre of the town; *villini*, as separate houses for one family are called, are a comparatively new institution; they are far more costly in proportion than flats, and the accommodation, with some exceptions, is less good. The taxes, too, are higher, and there are many additional expenses. A flat of ten or twelve rooms, in which the hall, the kitchen, and other offices are included, will cost 1200 lire (£48) a year on the third or fourth floor of a large house, or the ground floor, first, or second of a smaller one. A ground-floor flat sometimes includes a bit of garden. The rooms are larger and airier than those of a London house costing £150 a year, and far larger than those of a flat at £200 or £250 in a moderately good situation. On the other hand such apartments are usually unprovided with modern conveniences—there is no bath-room, no hot-water taps except in the kitchen, the stairs are badly kept and ill lighted, and there is little attempt at tasteful decoration, unless the house happens to be an old one with frescoed walls. Electric light is, however, coming into use, and electric bells are almost universal. Lifts are very rare, and only found in large and expensive flats (in Florence there are hardly any except in public buildings and hotels). The rent includes water and all repairs; the amount of the latter of course depends a good deal on the virtues of the landlord.

After the rent the next question is that of servants. This is not by any means such a serious business as it seems to be in England, and good servants are obtainable even by people of moderate means. Good Italian servants are the best in the world, for no others show so much consideration for

their masters, for whom they often entertain a genuine affection; they have no high and mighty airs, they do not "give notice" if they are requested to do some work not quite strictly within their province, nor do they change their situation every three months. Our family will keep one resident servant who cooks and attends to most of the housework, and a *mezzo servizio* or charwoman, who comes in for a few hours every day, or two or three times a week. The "general" receives from 15 to 25 lire (12s. to £1) a month, and the charwoman about ten (8s.). Then there is food and an allowance for wine—which in Italy is a necessity rather than a luxury, and not an expensive item. The total cost per annum for servants amounts in this case to 450 lire (£18). Cleaning entails less labor than in London, owing to the absence of soot. Nor is it necessary to call in outside assistance to clean the windows, as they revolve on hinges and can be tackled from inside the room. Baths are not taken every day in middle-class households, so that there is less water to empty. The daughters help in making the beds, and the mother also does some of the housework. The meals are wholesome and appetizing, far more so in fact than the productions of many English cooks at much higher wages. On the other hand, Italian servants are less neat and tidy than English ones, and the appearance of the house is correspondingly less attractive.

As regards food, Italians of this, or indeed, of any other class, never eat more than two regular meals a day. Breakfast is reduced to vanishing point, and consists of a cup of coffee and milk with or without bread and butter. Lunch at midday includes a light dish, a meat course, and fruit and cheese. Dinner at 6 or 7 P.M. consists of soup, two courses, and cheese and fruit. Pudding is eaten at dinner once or twice a week, or when guests are invited. Wine, usually red Chianti in Tuscany, is drunk with both meals, and black coffee follows after. Afternoon tea is only taken in the highest classes or in families with English con-

nections; but stray visitors are regaled with sweet wine and biscuits. Good wine costs from 60 cents to 1.50 lira (say, 6d. to 1s. 3d.) a flask containing 2½ litres (about 4½ pints). As sugar is very heavily taxed, jam, puddings, and cakes are luxuries. The total amount thus spent on food and drink may be set down at 2800 lire (£112) a year.

The family washing is sent to the laundress, but the ironing is done at home, by a woman who comes in once a week, receiving two lire a day and her food. This item will run to about 200 lire (£8) a year. Heating does not cost very much in Tuscany among the middle classes, and fires are rarely lit except in the kitchen. If the day is very cold or some one is unwell, a fire is indulged in, but as a rule all the warmth required is supplied by *scaldini* (earthenware vessels filled with embers). Not that the climate makes artificial warmth superfluous, for it can be icy in Florence; but Italians do not mind the cold in the house, although they are sensitive to it out-of-doors. The fuel burnt is wood with a little coal or coke. Firing and lighting will cost another 200 lire (£8) a year.

Before we have done with house-keeping we must make some allowance for the upkeep of the apartment and its contents. We will suppose that the family possessed sufficient furniture at the time of the marriage. It is, however, on a very modest scale, and its renewal from time to time will not be a very serious expense. The decorations are of the plainest, and little attempt is made to give the home an artistic and attractive appearance, for Italians of the middle class prefer to spend their spare money in other ways. The renewal of the household linen is a more costly matter, and often even modest families are wont to keep an ample supply of it, of good quality. For these purposes we shall set aside about 350 lire (£14).

After the house we come to clothes. The wife and daughters naturally spend more on attire than the father and boys (a man can get a decent suit of clothes for 40 or 50 lire [32s. to 40s.], whereas women's dresses are a good deal more

costly); in Italy, as in England and elsewhere, milliners' bills are a fertile source of domestic "ructions." But some of the clothes, especially for the children, are made at home. In all about 1800 lire (£72) will be spent on attire. Taxes* on an income of 10,000 lire and charities will come to about 1000 lire (£40).

After these necessary and regular expenses we come to those which are incidental and those for amusements. Conveyances, which run away with such a lot of money in London, whether we indulge in the swift and expensive hansom, or limit ourselves to the jerky but economic 'bus and the stuffy subterranean railways, are in Italy almost a *quantité négligeable*. Cabs usually cost a lira for a drive of any distance within the town, and 'buses and trams from 10 to 20 cents. But as private residences are within easy reach of most places of business it is possible to walk there and back every day, save when the weather is exceptionally bad. Theatres, which are the Italian's favorite relaxation, are as a rule a very cheap luxury, parterre seats costing from 1.50 lira to 4 or 5 lire (1s. 2d. to 4s.). Middle-class families not infrequently have boxes lent to them, or they occasionally take one costing 10 lire to 20 lire (8s. to 16s.) as a treat. They go more often to the theatre than most English families with much larger incomes. Clubs, on the other hand, are not necessary, although many Italians belong to *circoli* of different sorts, which exist chiefly for getting up entertainments, dances, etc. Entertaining, in the English sense of the word, is rarely indulged in by people in this rank of life; they will perhaps give two or three yearly family gatherings, at Christmas, Easter, etc., but on a modest scale, even though the number of dishes is large, and the variety of good wines considerable. Then we must add stationery, newspapers, the *café*, etc. About 250 lire (£10) will be sufficient for these expenses.

Education in Italy is largely under State control, and in the public schools

the cost of instruction is small. In the primary schools there are no fees, and in the secondary ones they range from 100 lire to 150 lire (£4 to £6). At the university they are somewhat higher, from 450 lire to 850 lire (£18 to £34) for a four or a six years' course. There are also private schools, but the majority of people prefer to send their children to the public schools, unless they are uncompromising Clericals who wish their offspring to be brought up in a thoroughly religious atmosphere. There may be some extra expense for books and the teaching of music or foreign languages, and we may calculate the total at 450 lire (£18).

The last item is the *villeggiatura* or summer holiday. Italians, even in the highest classes, are not much addicted to travelling, and do not usually leave their homes more than once or twice a year. The family we have described will be unable to afford more than one annual outing to the sea or the country, and perhaps one or two visits to relations. The former takes place during the hottest months, and lasts from four to six weeks. They hire a furnished apartment or a small villa, which can be obtained at a moderate rent, and take their own servant. Their life in the country is of the simplest; and they will not spend more than 700 lire. Italians are great lovers of land, and as soon as the paterfamilias has saved enough money he buys a small villa with a few acres of ground, which will be the usual holiday resort. Foreign travel is, of course, out of the question, but if some money is put by, or the family gets a little windfall, they may make a trip to Paris or Switzerland, perhaps two or three times in a lifetime.

Let us now sum up the figures:

	Lire.	£.
Rent.....	1200	48
Servants' wages.....	450	18
Food and drink.....	2800	112
Washing.....	200	8
Firing and lights.....	200	8
Other household expenses..	350	14
Clothing.....	1700	68
Taxes and charities.....	1000	40
Amusements, etc.....	250	10
Education.....	450	18
Summer holiday.....	700	28
Total.....	9300	372

* Including the tax on professional income, municipal taxes, etc. The tax on Government *rente* is deducted when the income (in our case 3000 lire) is paid out.

This leaves 700 lire (£28) for eventualities; in these we must include the doctor's and chemist's bills (the former charges from 3 lire to 5 lire a visit). Thus we may calculate that 450 lire (£18) will be saved at the end of the year, and invested.

These calculations are, of course, only approximate, and no two families will expend the same income in the same way. Some Italian housewives are marvels of domestic skill, and make the very best use of every penny, while others are wasteful and extravagant. I think that on the whole the former are more numerous than the latter, at all events in the middle classes.

Working Class Budgets

In dealing with the income and expenditure of the Italian working classes the differences between one part of the country and another are even more striking than in the case of the *bourgeoisie*. At the same time, in one district there will be several very different classes of working men in totally different conditions. On the other hand, the distinction between the artisan and the laborer is less clearly defined in Italy than it is in many other lands, and whereas the peasants carry on many small cottage industries, numbers of trades in the large towns and mining centres are worked by men living in the country and engaged for a part of the year in purely agricultural occupations. In spite of the great progress achieved by Italian manufactures during the last few years, and the increasing numbers of factories, especially in Northern Italy, agriculture is still by far the most important industry in the country and employs the greatest number of hands. I shall therefore take the laborer rather than the artisan as typical of this part of the Italian population.

The agricultural laborers are divided into several classes, as I have said, varying in prosperity both according to the different parts of Italy and their social position. There is, indeed, hardly a system of land tenure from Ireland to Kamtschatka, which is not represented in some region of Italy, and in hardly any single district is there one uniform

system. There are, however, four principal groups of laborers: the small peasant proprietors, the *métayers* or *mezzadri*, the farm laborers or *braccianti*, and the farmers paying rent. The *métairie* system is prevalent in Central Italy, large estates worked by hired laborers in the North and in the South, rented farms in the North, especially in Piedmont, while small properties (in many cases too small to be anything more than a supplement to the owner's earnings in some other occupation) are scattered about all over the country. But each of these systems overlaps, and they are all to be found in almost any part of Italy. Having to choose amid so great a variety, I shall take the *métayer* system as being, if not the commonest, at all events the most typically Italian, and from peasants thus employed I shall choose my budgets.

The farm which I shall consider forms part of a moderate-sized estate, situated in Central Italy. A detailed description of the *mezzadria* system would be out of place in this article, but I must say a few words on the subject to explain the farmer's economic condition. The landlord pays the taxes and provides half the live stock, while the peasant supplies the labor and pays for any extra hands which may be required at harvest time, and provides the other half of the live stock and all the farm implements. The occasional expenses of cultivation are shared by landlord and peasant, but special expenses for extraordinary cultivation are paid for by the landlord alone. The produce of the farm is divided in equal proportions between landlord and tenant. The system, which is peculiarly suited to the soil of Central Italy, where two or three different crops can be grown on the same piece of ground at the same time, has many advantages, of which the chief are that it combines the good points of large and of small cultivation; it also makes for the friendliness between landlord and tenant. The family established on this farm consists of the *capoccia* or head of the little community; the *massaia* or housekeeper,

who is either his wife, or, if he be unmarried, some other female relative, and manages the domestic economy of the farm; the children, of whom the older ones help in the farm work, and, if the farm be large, two or three other helpers of both sexes, usually relations. I shall, however, take as an example a medium-sized *podere* (farm) farmed by the family only, *i. e.*, father, mother, two children old enough to be of use, and two younger ones. They occupy a house, for which they pay no rent (the usual practice with this kind of tenure), consisting of a large kitchen, another living room, two or three bedrooms, and some storerooms. The house is situated in the midst of cultivated fields on some pleasant hillside bathed in sunlight. It is, perhaps, less clean and neat than the cottage of an average English laborer or artisan, but it is by no means dirty, and the simple furniture is kept well polished and dustless; above all, the beds are clean. Outside the cottage is a stable for the farm cattle, one or two sheds, and a vat-house for wine-pressing. Close by is a small orchard, where the farmer grows some fruit and vegetables, either for home consumption or for sale. We shall set down the family's total income, including the produce of the *podere*, the extra wages which the peasant may earn by special work, and the earnings of his wife from plaiting straw, and similar odd jobs, at 1200 lire (£48) per annum. Both income and expenditure are largely in kind, but I shall calculate both at money value.

As there is no rent to pay, and the landlord is charged with all necessary repairs, the first and most important matter is food.

The food eaten by a peasant family of this description consists chiefly of wheaten bread and *polenta* (bread made from Indian corn); the *complanatico* or relish for the bread, *i. e.*, sardines, anchovies, or herrings, or some meat gravy; soup made from vegetables and sometimes flavored with a little meat; meat, which is chiefly bacon or some other form of pork, about once a week; cheese, eggs, etc.; for drink the usual potion is *vinello*, or thin, weak wine,

but a small amount of wine of a better quality is kept for Sundays and other feast days. On those occasions the men of the family will visit the *osteria* or tavern and drink a few glasses of wine with their friends, but real drunkenness is very rare save in three or four provinces. The peasant's day being a long one, he has more meals than the average *bourgeois*, albeit small ones. He starts with a light breakfast of bread and cheese, with perhaps some vegetables; eats his dinner at midday, consisting of either *polenta* or *minestra* (a sort of "omnium gatherum" soup with a flavor of bacon and vegetables, such as lentils, pulse, etc.), and bread and cheese. The afternoon *merenda* is more or less like breakfast, and supper is similar to dinner, but rather less substantial. On special occasions—high feast-days, marriages, and christenings—more ample and varied repasts are eaten, and the landlord sometimes sends gifts of good wine, fowls, or other food.

Wheaten flour costs from 20 to 30 lire per *quintale* (100 kilograms), whereas maize flour costs about half, and *polenta* is moreover more filling, though less nourishing and wholesome. In good times the farmer will require about 11 *quintali* a year of wheat and 4 or 5 of Indian corn; but if the harvest has been bad the proportions will be changed, and there will be more *polenta* and less bread. We may say that on an average 265 lire (£10 12s.) will cover the cost of breadstuffs, which form the staple food of the Italian peasant.

Meat, which, as I have said, consists largely of pork, is eaten once a week. In addition there will be a little beef, a few fowls, and some lamb or mutton. The total amount spent will run to about 135 lire (£5 8s.). Cheese also is largely consumed, and oil is employed for cooking and for condiments, while butter is a much rarer luxury, at all events in Central and Southern Italy (in the North the co-operative dairies have made it a more popular as well as a better and cheaper article of diet); 75 lire (£3) should be sufficient to cover these items. Vegetables are cheap and

good, and no one knows how to cook them so well as the Italian housekeeper; on them 50 lire (£2) will be spent. The thin wine which forms their ordinary drink costs 4 or 5 lire per hectolitre, while the better kind for special occasions costs 24 to 30 lire; in all 160 lire (£6 8s.) will be spent on wine. This completes the food budget, amounting to 685 lire (£27 8s.), or slightly more than half the family's income. It will be noticed that a *bourgeois* family according to our calculations spends less than one-third of its income on food, but it should be remembered that in the latter case rent has to be considered, whereas the *métayer* pays no rent, and this alters the proportions.

Now we come to other household expenses apart from food. Firing varies as regards the amount consumed very considerably, according to the different provinces. In Central Italy, as I have said, even the *bourgeois* rarely lights fires except in the kitchen, and this is still more true of the poorer classes. Some of the wood for the kitchen fire is picked up, and a little is bought; it costs about 40 lire (£1 12s.) a year. In the uplands of Tuscany and on the north side of the Apennines, where the winter is very severe, the evenings are usually spent in the stables for the sake of warmth without the expense of lighting a fire. The more prosperous farmers and the peasants of Northern Italy (Piedmont, Lombardy, and Venetia) are obliged to spend more money on heating, the climate there being quite as cold as in countries beyond the Alps, although the winter is shorter. Other household expenses, such as the upkeep of the bed and table linen, lights, the wear and tear of the furniture, etc., will account for 60 lire (£2 8s.). The washing is done at home, but even so it entails some outlay for soap, starch, etc., and a part of it is perhaps sent out; we must allow 30 lire (£1 4s.) for this purpose.

After the housekeeping there is the question of clothes. This item varies almost more than any other, according to a number of circumstances, such as the skill of the housewife and her

daughters with their needles, the particular work in which the men are employed, the generosity and the means of the landlord, and the love of finery of all the members of the family. The various articles of attire are usually made at home, either by the peasant's womenfolk, or by a journeyman tailor hired at so much a day *plus* his food; the material is spun at home or bought at the nearest town. If the couple are newly married the wife's trousseau will last for some time, but even this comes to an end like all things human, and has to be renewed. Relatives and the landlord may generally be counted on for occasional presents to supplement the stock. I shall set down 80 lire (£3 4s.) as a fair average amount for this purpose. Boots are bought from the village cobbler, as few peasants have either the skill or the time to make their own; the custom of going barefoot, however, which is very common among the lower classes in all parts of Italy, reduces the wear and tear of the foot-gear very sensibly, while a few presents of old boots may be expected from time to time. We will thus add 30 lire to the 80 lire for clothes, making 110 lire (£4 8s.) in all for attire.

A few more miscellaneous items must be considered, such as church fees and the doctor's and chemist's bills; supposing the family to be in good health the latter will not be very formidable, and we need not set down more than 25 lire for these sundry outgoings.

Let us now sum up the financial situation.

	Lire.	£.	s.	d.
Income.....	1200	48	0	0
Expenditure:				
Wheat.....	220	8	16	0
Maize.....	45	1	16	0
Butter, cheese, and oil...	75	3	0	0
Vegetables.....	50	2	0	0
Meat.....	135	5	8	0
Wine.....	160	6	8	0
Firing.....	40	1	12	0
Linen and other expenses..	60	2	8	0
Washing.....	30	1	4	0
Clothes.....	80	3	4	0
Boots.....	30	1	4	0
Doctor, etc.....	25	1	0	0
Total.....	950	38	0	0

This 950 lire therefore covers the total of the necessary expenses, or let

us say 1000 lire, to be on the safe side. There remains a sum of 200 lire (£8) for luxuries, amusements, and savings. The former will consist chiefly of tobacco for the men, some extra viands for Christmas dinner and one or two other festivities, something for weddings, christenings, and other family celebrations, and we must not omit charity, for the Italian peasant, however poor, rarely refuses to give at least a trifle to those poorer than himself. Then there is the Sunday visit to the tavern, perhaps a little money lost at cards or at the lottery, and a rare outing to the neighboring town. Elementary education is, as I have said, free, so that the *contadino* need not trouble himself in a general way about spending money on schooling. In a few cases, however, he saves so as to give his children a higher education. Books and newspapers are seldom read by the lower classes, especially by the peasants, whose expenditure on them is reduced to the smallest proportions. A peasant living near a town or large village will probably belong to a *circolo*, which is either political or social. The subscription is, say, about 50 cents a month, or 6 lire a year. If we calculate the total of these expenses at 100 to 125 lire (£4 to £5) this leaves another 75 to 100 lire (£3 to £4) for savings. The love of saving is as strong in the Italian working classes as it is in the *bourgeoisie*, and if something can be put by for a rainy day the opportunity will not usually be neglected. The money is invested in the Savings Bank for emergencies, or with a view to buying a little plot of land, or to provide dowries for the daughters.

In this instance I have dealt with a family of a class which may be described as the aristocracy of the proletariat, and it cannot be regarded as representative of the whole of the Italian peasantry, nor are the conditions even of this class at all times as satisfactory. I have supposed the harvest to have been a fairly good one, the peasant himself honest and laborious, his wife thrifty and a good housekeeper, no member of the family a gambler or a drunkard, and no one affected by severe

illness. Even so the life is hard, though not an unhappy one; there is enough wholesome food to keep every one in good health, and clothes to keep out the cold, but very little else. The margin is narrow, and a bad harvest or a long illness throws the whole household economy out of gear. Then even necessities must be cut down, the few luxuries suppressed, the savings go, and debts are contracted. A large proportion of the Italian peasantry are in a state of almost chronic indebtedness either towards the landlord or, worse still, towards professional money-lenders, although much improvement has been achieved by the excellent People's Banks and *Casse Rurali*. There is, moreover, an immense number of laborers and artisans who fare much worse. The *braccianti* or day laborers, who are very numerous even in districts where the *mezzadria* system is prevalent, have much more meagre earnings, and in addition they have to pay rent. Here, for instance, is the budget of a laborer's family in the province of Ravenna, consisting of father, mother, and three children, all in good health, the paterfamilias having regular and continuous employment*:

Income....	Lire 586 (£23 8s. 9d.)	(of which Lire 66 [£2 8s. 9d.] is derived from presents).
	Lire.	£. s. d.
Expenditure:		
Wheat.....	147.30	5 17 11
Maize.....	80	3 4 0
Sack of corn.....	33	1 6 4
Beans.....	18	14 4½
Milk, cheese, etc.....	55	2 4 0
Eggs (four a week).....	6.72	5 4½
Meat (once a fortnight)...	11.70	9 9
Vegetables.....	3.70	2 11
Salt.....	19.25	15 5
Extra food consumed while doing special work with the threshing machine, given as a perquisite...	42	1 13 7
Total for food.....	416.67	16 13 8
Nothing is set down for wine, as the family cannot afford it.		
Rent of two rooms.....	40	1 12 0
Firing.....	38	1 10 4
Clothing and boots.....	48.45	1 18 8
Bed (a present).....	20	16 0
Lights.....	11	8 9
Mutual aid society.....	6.60	5 3
Grand total.....	580.72	23 4 8

* This is an actual budget from an article by Countess Pasolini, in the *Giornale degli Economisti*, 1892.

This leaves only 5.18 (4s. 2d.) for luxuries and savings. Many other laborers, especially the occasional laborers, are in a much worse condition, and the mass of those in Southern Italy are infinitely more wretched, for they have the curse of insanitary dwellings and malaria as well as lower wages and still less food.

The artisan class in the cities is coming to be more important every year, but I have no space to discuss its conditions here. The above should, however, give a fair idea of the state of

the large mass of the Italian working classes at the present day.* Wages are increasing, and there is an undoubted improvement all round, so that perhaps in a few years this picture will be no longer true, or at all events the condition of what I have described as the most prosperous portion of the working classes will be applicable to those who are now the less flourishing class.

* Further budgets will be found in Prof. Rabbeno's article in the *Economic Journal*, vol. iv. in another by F. Mantovani in the *Riforma Sociale*, 1898, and in one by G. Lumbruso in the same publication for 1896.



Tommaso Salvini

An Intimate Interview

By HELEN ZIMMERN

I WAS to have met dear old Salvini at a dinner given in Christmas week to the English actor-manager, George Alexander. The reason he did not come is so characteristic of the man that it is worth telling. It happened that the evening of the dinner the French fencing champion, Kirchoffer, passing through Florence, was to give what in Italian is called a fencing academy, that is to say, an exhibition of his ability, at the theatre named after Salvini and in his honor. The fine old gentleman felt, as he wrote to my hostess, that dearly as he wished to meet Alexander, for whom he has a great respect, it would have been scant courtesy to the international champion if he, Salvini, had not been present on this occasion in the theatre that bears his own name. Such is his old-world courtesy, his sense of *noblesse oblige*,

and it is this that permeates his every speech and action.

Until I went to interview Salvini for THE CRITIC we had not met since the time when for a whole week Florence was occupied in fêting the first centenary of the death of the poet, Vittorio Alfieri, that precursor of the Italian political resurrection, who is one of Salvini's heroes, seeing that in Alfieri's tragedies, and especially in his "Saul," the great tragedian had achieved some of his finest triumphs. On the Sunday, October 18, 1903, that inaugurated the fête week, Tommaso Salvini, to my no small astonishment, remembering his years, was among those of us who assembled in the Palazzo Vecchio, the traditional seat of Florentine local government, to form into solemn procession with wreaths and banners, to make pilgrimage to Santa Croce, the Floren-

tine Walhalla, where we would pay our respects at the tomb of the poet Alfieri, at that monument which the Countess of Albany, Alfieri's long true friend, caused to be erected by Canova over his remains. The distance from the Palazzo Vecchio to Santa Croce is not great, but in order that all Florence might witness this pious pilgrimage, our route was extended until it covered nearly the entire centre of the city, taking three hours to traverse. I walked close to the actor, who every now and again turned to me to speak a friendly word, and I could not withhold my admiration as I watched his noble, stalwart figure and noted his resistance under the hot autumn sun and the long tramp. Two nights later he reappeared upon the boards, though he had expressly stated that he had bidden farewell to the Italian stage. But he let himself be over-persuaded to tread the stage once again to honor his beloved poet-dramatist, reciting the rôle of Saul, in which he gathered so many well-earned laurels. And the David to his Saul was played by his own son, Gustavo, played, too, with consummate art, and in a manner worthy of the great master who taught him, and in a voice that is almost as musical as that master's. A touching sight it was when the curtain fell at last, amid a thunder of applause, to see father and son step outside the drop scene, and stand side by side, hand in hand, the present generation and the last, each grasping a laurel wreath tied with the Italian colors and embroidered with the red Florentine lily which the Municipality had bestowed on them in gratitude for the intellectual treat they had thus generously afforded to the city. And how well he played, how well he recited the, to our modern minds, somewhat stilted periods! And if at moments his grand golden voice in the excited portions was a shade less harmonious than of yore, one seemed to hear an echo of it from the lips of the younger David, whose whole attitude and acting was a manifest copy of his father's impersonation of the same rôle many a long year ago, when he too was a slender stripling and had not grown bulky. The bib-

lical soured graybeard, the biblical shepherd, did indeed live before our eyes that night.

I must bring in another personal reminiscence, which will also help to paint the man. As I write a vile hand, when requesting an audience on THE CRITIC'S behalf, I wrote with my Remington, and as I am more accustomed to use my machine in English than in Italian, I wrote in our tongue, believing that Salvini could read it perfectly, though he does not speak it. After a few days' delay, a delay that a little surprised me, knowing his punctiliousness, I got a most characteristic reply. "Why," he asked, "do you, who are a polyglot, try to shame me by writing to me in English, which you know I do not understand? I had to get some one to translate your letter and so I could not write before." He then told me I could come any morning I liked between ten and twelve. And so I did the first free morning I had, when a funny little thing happened, again throwing a bright flash-light on the personality of the man. When I rang the bell at the door of his pretty little *villino*, in the Via Gino Capponi, that stands near the dismantled old walls of Florence, the neat maid-servant that answered told me the Commendatore was in, but that it was doubtful if he could see me. I pleaded his own letter. She said she would go and see. Soon I heard the distant boom of Salvini's organ-like tones, and presently the maid came out with many apologies from her master, but he had most unexpectedly been called to Rome by the Ministry, and was unable to see me till his return. I was to excuse—. But ere she had got through her polite message an inner door opened, and I caught sight of the dear old man himself, dressed in his pajamas, who half hiding behind its shelter spoke up for himself, asking my forgiveness for his involuntary rudeness.

A week later I went again, and found him in his snug study, which looks out upon his little inner garden in which palms and bamboos flourish, sheltering a statue of Thalia, the goddess of dra-

matic art. He was seated at his ample black wooden writing-desk, drawing up, as he told me, the report concerning the Roman School of Dramatic Recitation, on account of which he had been called to the metropolis. A long wide looking-glass behind him filled up the spaces between two cases of papers and MSS. and reflected his expressive figure, so that I had him before me, so to speak, in the round, as a sculptor would say. I told him the name of THE CRITIC, on whose behalf I had come, and asked him if it were true that he was going to the United States.

"Quite true," he said. "I had not wanted to go. Not that I did not care to see my kind American friends again. America has been kinder to me than any land. But as I told the gentleman who came to treat with me,* I had bidden my farewell to the stage both in Europe and outside it. I said I had now earned the right to live quietly and to rest. I must make way for younger men. I ventured to suggest to them my son Gustavo, who is an excellent actor, who follows in my traditions, who knows English too, an advantage I do not possess, and whose repertoire is exactly suited to the American public, and who would, I am sure, create a sensation over there. They were deaf to all my pleadings. They placed me between hammer and anvil, those good gentlemen, and this was the argument that clinched the matter. As to my farewells, they pointed to Patti, and explained how many times she had bidden solemn farewell to the concert room and yet always returned. But the argument that moved me was this. They represented that of which I could but admit the truth, that some of my finest triumphs had been won in the States, that I surely had no cause to complain of my receptions among the Americans. I said indeed I had not, but then they had seen me at my best, was I to present myself to them again now I was no longer in my prime? Then came their answer that conquered me. You forget, said they, that since you were in the

States, thirteen years ago, and took your farewell of the American public, a new generation has risen up, a generation that has not seen you act, but has heard their fathers speak of your acting with enthusiasm and fanaticism. Would you deprive them of the opportunity of hearing you too, and passing on to their children this memory? It is not taking an unfair advantage of our kindness and indulgence? It is no presumption to accept to come over once more. It is, allow us to say so respectfully, a duty you owe us in return for the love and reverence we bear you and all we have done for you, as you admit."

"And what plays will you act?" I asked.

"'Othello,' 'Ingomar,' 'King Lear,' and the 'Morte Civile.' One of these in each week, and if a repetition is asked for in that same week, 'Ingomar,' a second time. I shall, of course, as before, speak in Italian and the actors in English. I assure you it is not as disturbing as it sounds to you, who have only heard me with Italians. Even if I could speak English, the American public would not let me. You have no idea how intelligent they are. They like to hear the Italian cadence, and do you know they remember my parts as well as I do. I often hear them in the stalls repeating the Italian words I shall use before ever they issue from my mouth."

"And who will act with you?" I asked.

"There is a Miss Robson," he said, "in whom people are interested, and who is to be my leading lady. They tell me she is clever. I have seen her photograph. She is certainly good-looking. There is always a little difficulty about acting with me," he added with a sweet, mischievous smile, "but we shall see, we shall see. Only you know my way. I am apt to fill the stage and carry all the sympathies of the audiences. I had a funny instance of that in 1865. It was the Dante Centenary, and I had come from Naples with a wreath and banner to represent a dramatic artists' club. Suddenly it was suggested that Silvio Pellico's

* Mr. George C. Tyler, manager for Liebler & Co.

'Francesca da Rimini' should be played for the occasion. My colleague, the great Ernesto Rossi, was also in Florence, the Ristori was applied to, and we got up the play. It created a wild enthusiasm, and what an audience there gathered at the Niccolini that night! King Victor Emmanuel came with all the members of Parliament. You remember that the Italian Parliament sat in Florence in those days, for Rome was not yet ours. Every one of note was there. Indeed, we had to repeat the performance the next night, so many people had been unable to get in. Well, you know the play is written in sympathy with the lovers, and I always took the part of Paolo in the play. But as I was already getting on in years I left Paolo to Rossi, and played the husband. And what happened! The whole heart of the public went out to the crabbed old husband, instead of to the youthful couple, as always had been the case,—the injured spouse who was in the ascendant that night, quite an inversion of the author's intention. You see the part is generally played by some incompetent stick, and the star takes the rôle of Paolo. Everything was turned round that evening, and people went home surprised to think that there could be another point of view of the episode beside Dante's."

"That brings me very naturally to ask you What you think of D'Annunzio's 'Paolo and Francesca'?" I said, wishing to draw him on this theme, for it was interesting to hear his views on a school of dramatic art so entirely at variance with that he has always affected.

"D'Annunzio is no playwright," he answered. "I have said it in print and I do not mind repeating it in private. He has a marvellous command of language. The sonority and music of his phrases are unsurpassed, but he lacks ideas, and above all honest, healthy sentiments. His themes as well as his treatment of them are always morbid, unwholesome. He believes in no virtues, he revels in abnormal vice, in blood and horrors."

"And do you agree with me that the

Duse has lost as an actress since she came under his influence?" I ventured.

"The Duse has been quite spoilt by him," he agreed. "Indeed, I never saw a more deplorable piece of acting than her rendering of Francesca, though it was not all her fault,—there was no character to render."

"For one thing, she is too old," I said, "for that girlish part—her figure too set."

"Not a bit," he replied, with some warmth. "The Ristori is now eighty-two. She acted with me in 1865. Make the sum yourself. How old was she then? Well, she was forty-six. And yet a more efficient Francesca and a more charming one you could not have found. No, the fault lies with the undramatic nature of D'Annunzio's play. All his dramas are unnatural and unreal in language and feeling. Why, only two days ago two young girls came from the Dramatic Academy into this very room to rehearse before me the crucial scene in 'La Gioconda.' Can anything be farther from verisimilitude, I ask you, than that scene between the two women, the wife and the mistress, and the language they use to each other, and the sentiments they express? D'Annunzio is a man who wants to show he can write, that he is erudite. He does not know human nature. He does not care a jot whether what he puts into the mouths of his personages is natural or possible."

"And yet the Duse tour with his plays in the United States was a success," I said.

"You are quite mistaken there," he said, almost with anger. "The Duse had to drop acting in his pieces only, as she proposed, and to return to her old better repertoire, or her trip would have resulted in financial failure."

"And which of your own plays do you think will be the most popular in America?" I asked, seeing that the atmosphere was becoming a little warmed, with the theme of D'Annunzio, on which he feels strongly, for he holds that the Duse is a genius who has been perverted by a deplorable influence.

"Ingomar," he said, "and it is

arranged that if I am to give a fifth performance in a week it is to be with that play. Of course it will remain to be seen how Miss Robson will rise to me in that drama. It is not easy to play the part of Parthenia, the refined woman, to my rough, savage man of the woods. It has been my favorite play ever since 1874, when a very crude translation from the German was brought to me, though I could make nothing of it until I recast for myself, and according to my own ideas, the parts of the man and the woman. But I understand that a good translation into English exists in America and that that is the version used on the stage."

"Is your son Gustavo going with you to the States?" I asked.

"Oh, no!" he said; "there are no parts for him. You see he takes my own rôles. I wish they would ask him over," he sighed. "I know he would be liked."

"But can't it be worked?" I asked.

"It seems not," he said. "He once got an offer from England, but the terms were quite unacceptable. He is doing splendidly here in Italy, and one may not go afield and venture one's own money."

"Let me see if I am able to do something," I said, and I suggested a few names of people in England who might help him to realize his dream of seeing his son reaping laurels on the same boards he has gathered them. And now, in giving what follows I commit a journalistic indiscretion. But I think your readers will only like Salvini the better for hearing it.

"I will tell THE CRITIC readers all this about your son and your high opinion of him," I said. "That may help to rouse an interest in him and who knows—"

"Oh, no," he replied, "do not do that. You know they will smile and say it is only paternal vanity and partiality. They won't believe in my estimate of my own son."

"Who knows, who knows," I repeated.

"No, it's no use," he said, laughing. "They'll say it's just poor old Papa who judges, not the actor Salvini."

"Tell me his best parts," I urged, "and let me repeat them."

He drew a sheet of paper to him and in his neat, steady hand jotted down the following list of plays: "Hamlet," "Othello," "Cedipus," the "Taming of the Shrew," "Morte Civile," and "Tartuffe."

"But no, no, say nothing about it, I know it's no use."

"Can you give me a photograph of him to send?"

He searched in vain. They had all been given away.

"Write to him," he said, "and tell him to send you some."

"May I say his father told me?"

"Dear me, no; he will take no notice of that. He is such a lazy boy and puts off everything. Send a letter to him in your curt English fashion, and demand it as a right without any ado, in military commanding fashion," he added, laughing.

At this moment the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard in the entrance hall.

"That's my son," he said, his face suffused with happiness. A moment later and a well-set-up, handsome young officer opened the door and threw his arm round old Salvini, kissing him with effusion.

"Good-morning, dear Papa," he cried.

Then Salvini introduced me.

"And of what were you two talking?" he asked.

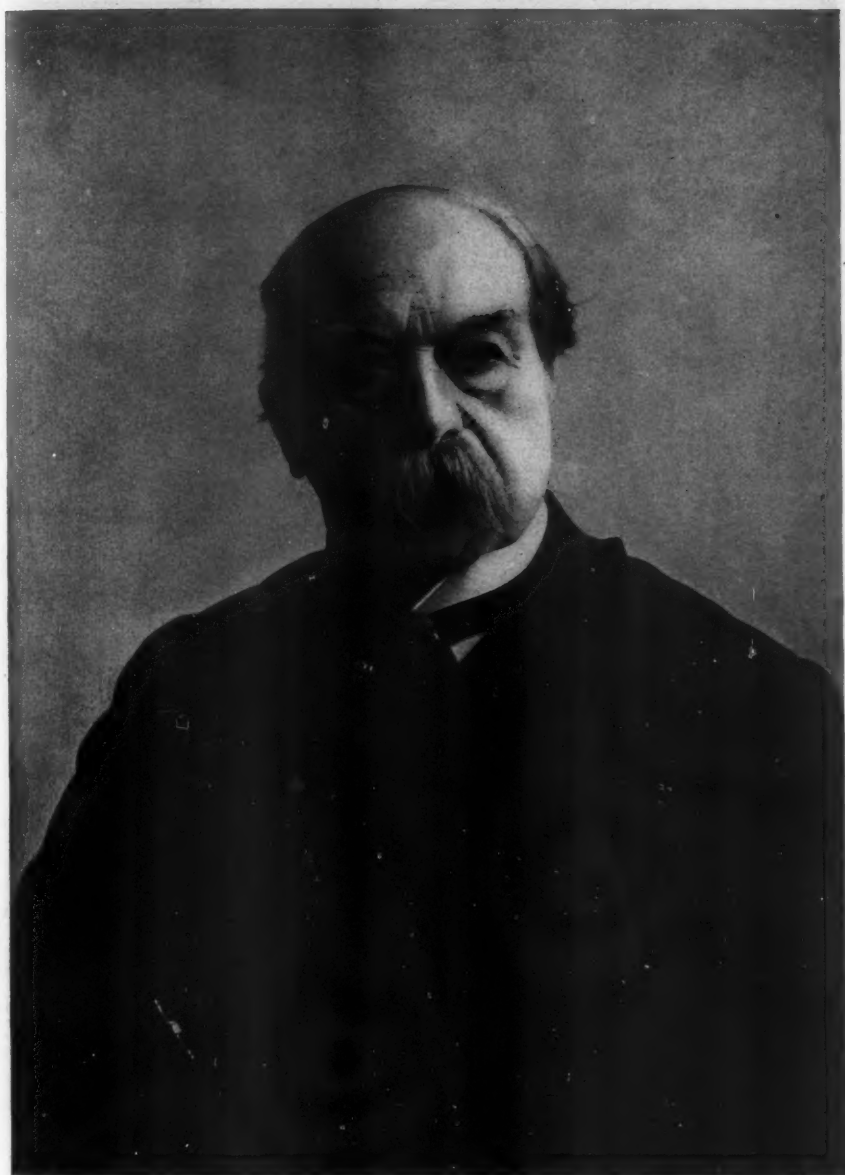
"Of that rascal, your brother Gustavo. I was telling Miss Zimmern to write him a military letter requiring his photograph; he should be acting in Alessandria to-morrow."

"As if I wore your coat," I said, laughing up to him, for he towered above me.

When he learnt the purpose of my visit he was most interested. It was evident he adored his illustrious parent. But as it was nearing midday and I felt sure he had come home for his lunch I knew that I ought to take my departure.

"One question more," I said. "Did you ever recover any of your medals and treasures?"

For you must know that two years ago a robbery was effected in his house



TOMMASO SALVINI

(From his latest photograph taken especially for THE CRITIC.
Copyright, 1904, by The Critic Co.)



TOMMASO SALVINI IN HIS LIBRARY
(From a photograph taken especially for **THE CRITIC**.
Copyright, 1904, by The Critic Co.)



Tommaso Salvini
Mrs. Alexander Salvini

Alexander Salvini
Mme. Tommaso Salvini

A FAMILY PARTY AT SALVINI'S HOUSE IN ITALY. TAKEN SOME YEARS AGO

(Courtesy of Mrs. Alexander Salvini)

and all his precious souvenirs were stolen.

"Only two medals and those not the best, and this," he said, drawing from his finger a fine sapphire, engraved with the letters T. S. "The rest are all gone into the smelting-pot or who knows where,—all my medals, gold and silver, all the jewelled gold and silver garlands that have been given me from time to time, my exquisite *smalto* and Russian silver tea and coffee sets,—everything, everything gone. It was a cruel blow, and I feel the loss not so much for its intrinsic value, though that was great, but it was the whole story of my career of which I was thus deprived, and not only I but my children. It was for them that I so treasured them, and they, too, feel it much."

"It must have been some one who knew the house well," I objected.

"Oh, yes, it was my servant. He confessed, and is now in prison, but that does not give me back my things. He had accomplices, and how I got back this sapphire is very funny. It seems one of the thieves thieved from the others. He knocked this stone out of its setting and hid it inside a stearine candle, hollowed out at the bottom, and stowed it away for months in that receptacle. When he was caught he told us to try the candle, and there, sure enough, was the stone. I never knew who gave it to me," he said, looking at it affectionately. "I have had it reset as near as possible to what it was, and I always wear it on my little finger. It came to me in Paris, imbedded in a garland of forget-me-nots



GUSTAVO SALVINI
(A distinguished actor, the son of Tommaso Salvini)

and other memorial flowers all made of precious stones. There was nothing written on the box that held it except, 'Souvenir. Paris, 1857.'

"One last word and I will not further take advantage of your kind patience and courtesy. Will you allow me to have a photograph of you taken to send to THE CRITIC?"

"What, do you mean to suggest that in all the United States there is no photograph of me to be found?" he said, with some humor.

"By no means," I replied, "there are thousands. But THE CRITIC would like a new one, the very latest, one taken specially for them. You know Americans, they want the best of everything."

"I am very busy just now," he said, but in a kind, regretful tone. "I have much to do still before I start, and there is this report to finish." And as he spoke these words he glanced ruefully at the blank MSS. pages of which my visit had hindered the advance. "I am afraid I can't promise you to go to a photographer."

"But if I send him here?"

"I am afraid the light is too bad."

"We will remedy that with artificial light if you will only consent."

"Be it as you wish," he said in his courteous tones. "I will sit whenever you desire. Only it must be before twelve o'clock; after that I am not available."

"And before twelve it shall be," I said, and thereupon took my leave, the officer son showing me out.

And once more I stood amazed before the robust physical and mental health of this man who at seventy-eight is ready to face a voyage across the Atlantic at the most stormy season, and to pace the boards for thirty consecutive times, not to mention the other social and moral fatigues such a trip must of necessity imply.

"May he return to us as hale and hearty as we send him to you!" This is the fervent wish of every Florentine and every Italian, for one and all are fond and proud of their Tommaso Salvini.

Famous Bolognese Women

By MRS. BRADLEY GILMAN

IN Professor Munsterburg's book, "American Traits," there is a chapter devoted exclusively to American women, which is distinctly discouraging to those interested in women's intellectual development. He tells us that to widen the horizon of the women of the higher classes and to prepare them for professional work means to draw them away from the hearth.

The woman who studies medicine or natural science, music or painting, perhaps even law or divinity, can we affront her with the suggestion, which would be an insult to the man, that all her work is so superficial that she will not care for its continuation as soon as she undertakes the duties of a married woman? Ought we to imply that she is able to do what no man would dare hope for him-

self, that is, to combine the professional duties of the man with the not less complex duties of the woman? She knows that the intensity of her especial interest must suffer, that her work must become a superficial side interest, that she has for it but rare leisure hours; and no one can blame her, however much she may love her own home, for loving still more the fascinating work for which she was trained.

That the higher education of women and professional life for them—to which the higher education inevitably leads—is incompatible with marriage and home life is the thesis of Professor Munsterburg's essay. The so-called "New Woman" he finds, as an individual, interesting and charming, but he deplors the effect of her developed individuality upon the social



LAURA BASSI VERATTI

organism. It is not our purpose here to refute this German philosopher's theory, but a visit to the quaint town of Bologna last summer, pessimistic with its picturesque and ancient university, brought to our mind a group of famous Italian women who succeeded in combining domestic and professional life in a way which might surprise Professor Munsterburg. Even such a lover of domestic life as is this German professor should be satisfied with the career of a woman who bore and reared twelve children,—all of whom lived to grow up without the aid of "Mothers' Meetings" or courses in "Child Study,"—and yet attained and merited distinction in her chosen field of study.

Laura Bassi Veratti was born October 29, 1711. Her parents were not educated people, but they were quick to recognize in their daughter an un-

usual love for study and especially for natural philosophy. At first her studies were carried on with a tutor, quietly under her parents' roof; and she herself preferred this sheltered life. But later, proud of her learning, her parents induced her to dispute publicly with five professors of the university and to deliver a public course of lectures upon experimental philosophy. Many of the famous scholars of the day listened to these lectures and freely praised the fair lecturer. In 1733 Laura received from the university a doctor's degree and many tributes of admiration from Italian scholars. A volume of these tributes was published with Laura's picture; and in it a delicate allusion was made to Petrarch's Laura, intimating that Laura of Avignon was made great by the genius of a bard, but that Laura of Bologna was made great by her own eloquence.

After her successful public examinations, Laura was given the cap and fur-lined gown, and she occupied a professor's chair in the university, teaching natural philosophy, sometimes receiving her pupils in her own house, and sometimes giving courses of lectures in the university.

Laura Bassi was honored by visits and letters from learned scholars all over Europe, yet she was a faithful wife and a devoted mother, teaching her twelve children herself, and thus winning unstinted praise not only from the men but from the unlearned women of her native city.

Even in this advanced twentieth century, a married woman is often frowned upon if she attempts to practise a profession. We have very few married professors, even in our women's colleges; and the presidents of our wo-

men's colleges, almost without exception, are unmarried women. What then must have been the obstacles in Laura Bassi's path? Her husband was a professor in the university, and he had independence enough to encourage his wife in her intellectual development. All honor is due to him for his advanced attitude. We would have more married women who successfully combine professional and domestic life if we had more educated men who encouraged them in their work. Professor Munsterburg deplores the fact that the education of our boys, up to their eighteenth year, is left wholly to unmarried women; and there is considerable force in this criticism, as an unmarried woman cannot know enough of the facts of life to properly understand the physical nature of boys of eighteen and their peculiar temptations. That many of our large young women's colleges are presided over by unmarried women has also been a subject for criticism by medical men, but just so long as a prejudice exists against having married women enter any of the professions, these defects in our educational system will remain.

Another married woman who became a professor in Bologna University was Anna Morandi Mazzoline. Nor was it considered necessary that she should give up her home in order to attain distinction in her work. Indeed, it was in her effort to aid her husband that she first discovered her own talents.

Born in 1716, Anna Morandi was educated by her parents in all feminine accomplishments, and was married at an early age, to a professor in the Bologna University. Her chief taste had been for drawing, and her parents had cultivated this talent

so that she was able to appreciate and enjoy the anatomical drawings and wax figures made by her husband. Giovanni Mazzoline was famous for his anatomical work, but he was a man who enjoyed what we moderns would call "an artistic temperament." He was brilliant but unstable, jealous of his fellow-workers, and always inclined to think of himself as unappreciated. The victim of uncontrollable emotions, he was always ready to quarrel with his most influential patrons.

The Pope, Benedict XIV., ordered a group of wax figures for the adornment of the Institute of Bologna, and directed that the figures be ready for inspection, on his approaching visit. This group was to be the joint work of several artists, but Mazzoline was to do the largest figures. Jealous of the artists working with him, and angry at his small compensation, Mazzoline



ANNA MORANDI MAZZOLINE

suddenly decided to take his part of the group to his home, and declined to work with the others.

Instead, however, of finishing the figures in his own house, Mazzoline sank into a state of gloomy depression; days went by and his work was left untouched. His wife did her best to make her husband complete his task, but finding that disgrace would come to the family if the contract which he had made should be broken, she determined to take up his work herself. So while Mazzoline spent his days in lamentation and bitter denunciation of his comrades, his brave little wife began the work. She was familiar with her husband's studio and knew about his methods; but, in order to complete his figures, she needed some knowledge of anatomy, and that could only be gained by a visit to the dissecting room. To model the mus-

cles and nerves correctly, she needed to study the natural body in death. This study Anna Mazzoline shrank from making, and pale, trembling, and faint-heartedly she entered the dissecting room for the first time. It took all her courage during these first visits, but gradually admiration for the wonderful structure of the human body subdued her natural repugnance, and she gave herself with enthusiasm to completing her husband's task. Aided by her skill in drawing and her knowledge of modelling, gained from watching her husband, Anna succeeded in finishing her husband's group in time for the Pope's visit. Thus she saved her husband a public humiliation and won the gratitude of the Magistrate of Bologna.

Professor Mazzoline, after recovering from his ill-temper, seems to have appreciated his wife's work, and encouraged her to continue it, and always afterward he displayed her drawings and wax figures beside his own.

In order to have a thorough knowledge of anatomy, Anna passed several examinations in the College of Bologna and became a doctor of anatomy. Admired not only for her skilful handiwork but for her interesting lectures, students came to Anna Mazzoline from all over the civilized world. The celebrated physician, Galli, had a school for bone-setting in his own house, and ordered from her his anatomical models. She was offered an important position in London and also in Milan; but she preferred to remain in her native city, although she willingly corresponded with people all over the world.

She painted portraits of distinguished people, and made one, still in exist-



CLOTILDE TAMBRONI

ence, of her famous husband. She was left a widow during her thirty-ninth year, but continued her work until her death, which occurred in 1774. Some of her work is still shown to the visitor who finds his way into the frescoed lecture-room of this ancient university.

In Clotilde Tambroni we have a type of feminine scholar who is more like the women professors of our own day. She never took upon herself the cares of a household, and devoted her whole attention to the study of Greek.

Born in Bologna in 1758, the daughter of Paul Tambroni of Parma and Rosa Mozzie of Bologna, her parents were far from desiring to educate their daughter for public life. But while Clotilde was busy with her household tasks, her brother was being taught Greek in the same room by one of the great Greek scholars of Bologna. His lessons were given daily, and small attention was paid to the young girl who sat, busy with her needle, absorbing eagerly the instruction not intended for her. Gifted with a retentive memory and a quick ear for language, Clotilde one day surprised the tutor by correctly answering a question which her brother had failed to understand. Amazed to find that this silent young girl had such a taste for Greek, the tutor gladly assisted her regularly; and she and her brother studied Greek and Latin together and made rapid progress.

Clotilde had at first no idea of making Greek a life study; she expected, like most young girls of that day, to marry, and had more than one lover. But the one man for whom she cared was poor and unable to marry, and left Bologna without asking Clotilde to be



NOVELLA CALDERINI

his wife. Her heart was too tender to let her forget him, and yet her spirit was too proud to permit her to abandon herself to useless grief. From that time Clotilde threw all her energies into her studies, and became one of the greatest Greek scholars of her age. She won honors in public examinations in mathematics and physics as well as in Greek.

The Marquis Nicole Fa' Ghulierie, principal of a great academy, praised her work highly and she acknowledged his approval in a Greek poem. Her response was so admirable that it was said that there were not three Greek scholars in Italy who could have equalled it.

In 1794 Clotilde was elected by the Bolognese Senate to fill a chair in the Greek language. Her sweet voice, gentle manner, and eager enthusiasm for the classics won her the admiration

of all her pupils. But evidently, then as now, women scholars met with peculiar trials; and, after three years of successful teaching, Clotilde lost her position, owing to political changes in the government of the university.

The next few years she spent in travelling through Spain and Europe with her old tutor, everywhere receiving honors and distinction. Her master was becoming old and infirm, and she faithfully nursed him through his last illness, thus showing that her "heart still ruled her head." In 1811 Clotilde received a diploma making her a member of the Italian Academy of Arts and Sciences, and soon after receiving this honor she was again chosen Professor of Greek Eloquence in the University of Bologna. She not only taught Greek, but wrote and improvised Greek poetry; and when she died in 1817 she was mourned by all Italy. A statue of this great Greek scholar is still to be seen in the old library of the university.

Novella and Bettina Calderini were two sisters, both famous in Bologna for their learning. They made civil law their especial study. Novella was so beautiful that when she delivered her remarkable lectures she was forced to wear a thick veil, to cover her physical charms, lest they should distract the students from their studies.

In 1806 Napoleon caused the appointment of Marie delli Dona to the chair of medicine in the university. We all know what scorn Napoleon had for learned women, so that this act does not seem in accordance with his character. Professor Marie delli Dona practised both medicine and surgery.

In visiting Somerville College, last summer, we found portraits of these famous Bolognese women adorning the walls of the dining-room; but the principal, Miss Maitland, said that she had found it difficult to gain any biographical details concerning their lives. At the exercises in Glasgow University, two years since when three women were honored with degrees, one of the speakers said that it was especially fitting that Glasgow University should honor women, as it had originally been modelled on the plan of Bologna University, so famous for its distinguished women professors.

After reading Professor Munsterburg's essay on "Women," with its rather discouraging attitude towards women's intellectual development, it is somewhat consoling to turn back to these famous women of Bologna, who, without any of the modern advantages offered to women, succeeded in attaining positions of eminence in their chosen fields of learning, yet did not sacrifice their home life.

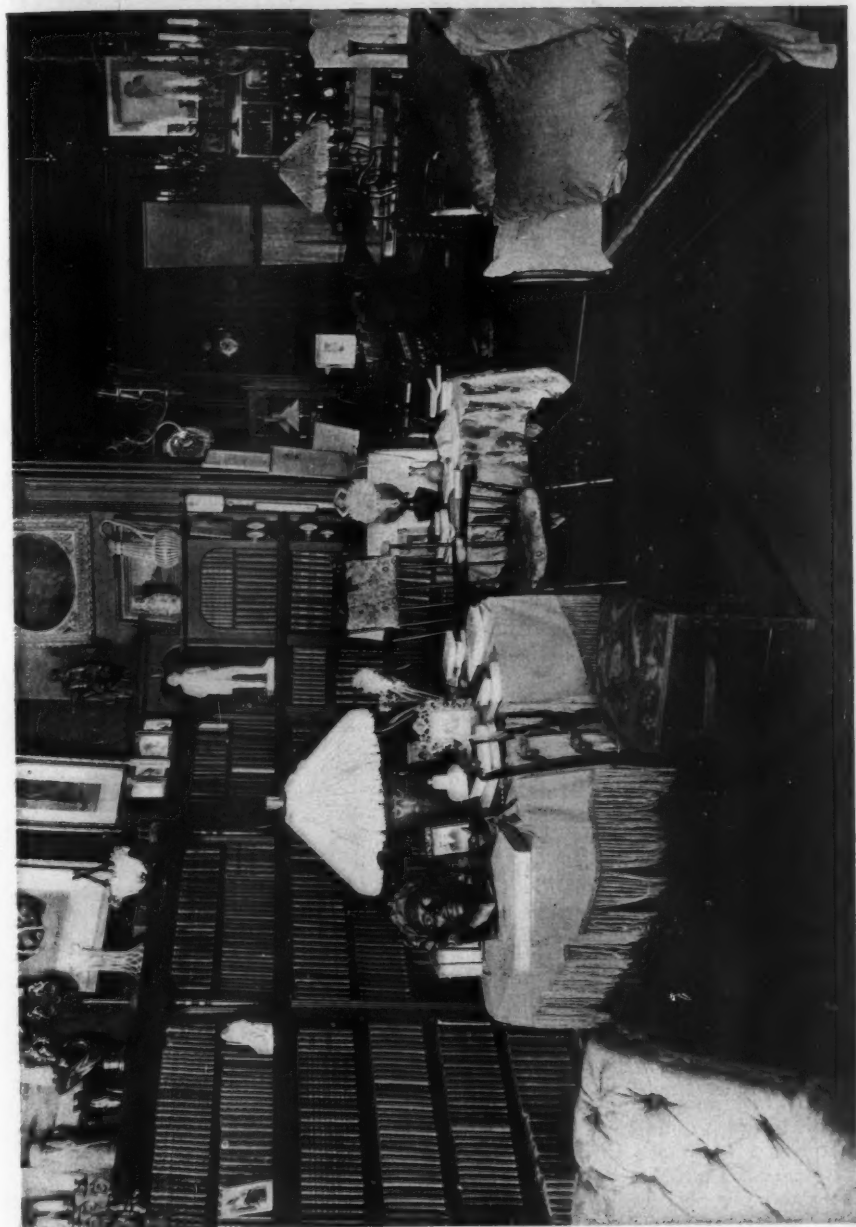
The Literary Life

III.

By LAURENCE HUTTON

I DID not confine myself altogether to my generally accepted contributions to the *Mail*, but wrote regularly for the *Arcadian*, a weekly literary and dramatic journal, for which was received nothing in the way of remuneration or salary, except as many copies of the paper as I cared to send away by post, or to carry away in my pocket; with, now and then, thrown in, a new book or a new edition which I had been asked to review. And I wrote also

essays and stories, grave and gay, which were submitted, aiming high always, to the *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *The Princeton Review*, *Old and New*, and the like, "return-postage" enclosed. And they invariably came back, with the stereotyped note of thanks and regret! It was very discouraging; and the efforts were nearly given up in despair, when a short paper entitled "Mothers in Fiction," was printed in "The Contributors'



437 THE LIBRARY OF LAURENCE HUTTON IN HIS NEW YORK HOUSE



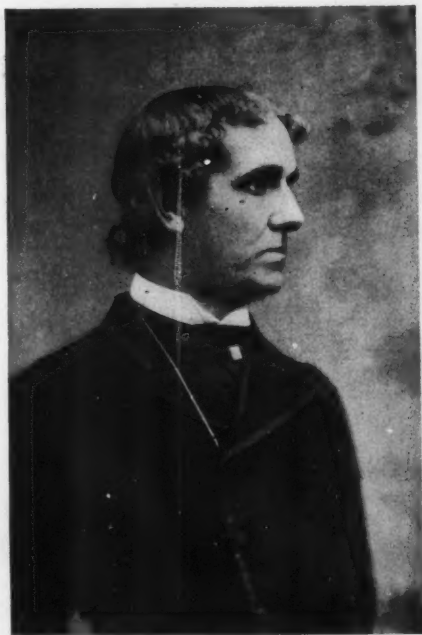
MISS KATE FIELD

Club" of the *Atlantic*, and gave fresh hope. It attempted to prove that in Fiction there are no Mothers, to speak of, except Step-Mothers, and Mothers-in-law, and unnatural Mothers, or Mothers who die young. It gave a long list of leading characters in standard tales who were half-orphans on their mother's side; and it showed that Becky Sharp brought herself up by hand, while Topsy "just grewed."

The article excited some little attention and no little consideration. "The Mothers in Fiction" was discussed all over the country; and fictional mothers, good, bad, and indifferent, entirely forgotten, or never heard of, poured in upon "The Contributors' Club" in great quantities.

It was a fortunate thing then, as it is now, that I have never been dependent upon my pen for my daily bread. The writer's-cramp is generally a pecuniary disease! For literary production, even for the best, the prices paid are comparatively low; and the beginner works on starvation wages;

being lucky, sometimes, to find wages at all. The periodical which offered a fraction of a cent per word, in those early days, occasionally defaulted altogether, or paid in orders upon advertising tradespeople, who had defaulted themselves. The only remuneration received for what their author considered a rather important series of articles was a suit of clothes which he did not really need, and which was made by an English tailor, who had not been able to settle for the publication of the fact that, in his own country, he had fitted a valet of the Prince of Wales, and had also been permitted to manufacture liveries for the families of the rest of the British Aristocracy. He did not seem to appreciate the patronage, and he used "farmer's-satin" linings when his contract demanded silk. The collar came too high in the neck, it is remembered; one leg of the trousers was longer than the other; and he absolutely refused to renew a waistcoat-button—without extra charge!



LAWRENCE BARRETT



JOSEPH JEFFERSON TREE PLANTING

In this way I bartered my brains for a number of objects which were neither useful nor ornamental; until I was offered a fire - place - heater for some months of dramatic criticism; at which I struck. The heater was to be put in its place at my individual expense; and I had no place in which to put it. But I enjoyed the life. And I gained in experience!

The subsequent career of some of these rejected manuscripts, then and later, is worth putting on record. One particular article written to order for *Harper's Weekly* was rejected, in turn, by every one of the Harper periodicals, and by half a dozen other journals to which it was submitted. It finally appeared in *Kate Field's Washington*, when that bright, but unfortunate, paper started upon its brief course; and it was accepted in lieu of a year's subscription! It was a semi-traditional, semi-historical, altogether satirical effort to prove that Bacon and Shakspeare, as the Sons of Queen Elizabeth, might have been half-brothers, collaborating in defence of their grand-

mamma, Anne Bullen, as she is portrayed in the tragedy of "King Henry the VIII." Curiously enough it was accepted seriously, and quoted almost in full, by one of the editors who had refused it; and more curiously still, it became the very corner-stone of a volume in the "American Essayist Series," published by the Harpers themselves, upon which the Harpers are still paying a generous royalty.

It may be mentioned, in passing, that the royalties on the first edition of a fairly successful book will, ordinarily, amount to a sum large enough to remunerate the author, *almost*, for what he pays for the volumes he gives to those of his friends who expect to receive, and sometimes demand, "Presentation Copies"!

The calls upon the purse and the time of the author, in this and in other respects, are many and great. In my business-days I was never asked to contribute a tub of butter to a church-fair, or a box of cheese to a fresh-air fund. Since my name has appeared, now and then, upon book-covers and

at the bottom of magazine pages, I am frequently, much more frequently than my reputation would warrant, invited to write my name in the inside of the book, and to present both the book and the name to a bazar for the benefit of a local charity of which I have never heard, and in which I can have no possible personal, or local, interest. And harder still, I am requested to prepare articles upon "The Amenities of Literature" or upon "The Higher Education of the Gentler Sex" for the entertainment of the members of a circle of Earnest Women, absolute strangers to me, who meet, fortnightly, in some distant town I have never visited, and never expect to visit. For all this nothing is ever given in return. These same Earnest Women might beg a picture from a painter, a recital from a pianist, or a recitation from an actor, but they would hardly think of asking the packer for a tin of pressed beef, or their favorite grocer for a pound of tea, to be consumed at the fortnightly luncheon, which invariably follows the intellectual sym-



MR. THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH



(By courtesy of Keppler & Schwarzmann)

posium. And yet the cheering cup and the strengthening meat-extract cost less, last longer, and go farther, than does the work of the associates of the Guild of Literature and Art!

The least objectionable of all these performances are what are called "Author's Readings." They cost the performer nothing but a little time, particularly when his expenses are paid, as not infrequently is the case; not uncommonly they tickle the personal pride and vanity which all authors are supposed to possess, and not impossibly they advertise the author, and the book which he interprets. The contributed, original article, be it short or long, is a more serious matter. It is a donation of the author's stock in trade, which takes the daily bread out of his own mouth, and perhaps out of the mouths of those who are dependent upon him. He can rarely afford to give away something which has more than a real money value to him; for if he does not need the money, he



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MR. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

needs, or he thinks he needs, the publicity and the reputation, and the accompanying contentment, which are better than wealth.

The most trying and nerve-tearing work I ever do is the writing of the obituary notices of my own personal friends—before their deaths! It is hard enough to learn to talk of those we love in the past tense when the tense *is* past; but when one is forced to write of men still in the flesh, of

men with whom, perhaps, one is still brought into daily, intimate contact, the task is sometimes heart-breaking. Not a few tears have I shed, of a morning, over men with whom I have laughed the night before, and with whom I hoped to laugh for many years to come. They knew of the laughter. But they never heard of the tears—at the time! Perhaps when that Eternity is reached, where they are to shed no more tears, of their own, they will



The Last Meeting, & Final Parting

When I meet you I shall know you,
 By your halo I shall know you —
 Thus shall know you, blameless man;
 And you'll know me also, Larry,
 When we meet but may not tarry —
 Yes, alas, alas, you'll know me by my fan.

Ontario, July 5, 1890.

Mark Twain

A VERSE AND SKETCH BY MARK TWAIN

learn all about it. And perhaps they will not mind!

The first of these ante-mortem requiems was the "Memoir of Booth," written for *Harper's Weekly*, when it was seen that the fatal hour which his friends dreaded, but which he himself did not dread, was so soon to come. He told me, one night, when I occupied one of his rooms at The Players, and as I helped to undress him, and to "tuck him" into his bed, that his only fear was a long, helpless invalidism, involving weeks and months of a rolling chair, or a sofa; to be fed and waited on by others; to be a nuisance to himself and to his people. And he added that he would lay his head on his pillow and go to sleep with perfect contentment, if he were sure that he would awake in "The Mysterious Somewhere Else," to which he was not afraid to go! When I looked at him, the next morning, that beautiful head resting upon his arm, his eyes closed, his face in absolute repose, his breathing hardly perceptible, I thought, for a moment, that the hour he hoped for *had* come; and I was almost glad, for his own dear sake.

That day, and not until that day, did I consent to do what my editors wished. They thought that I knew more of his inner life, more of the man, as a man, not as an actor, than did any other available writer; and the sorrowful task was performed; to be put away for a few short months, and published, alas, too soon!

I wrote, in the same sad, anticipatory way, of Barrett, of Bunner, of Kate Field, as I saw them, or as I heard of them, slowly dying. I wanted the world to know, so far as I could tell it, what I knew of the good that was in them; and hard as it was, I realized that what I had to say could not be said, by me, under the pressure of personal, present grief. It is always a ghostly, repulsive thing to do.

I have at this present moment, carefully housed in editors' safes, long obituary notices of two men, still living, who are very dear to me. And they both know it! What is to be put on record concerning Joseph Jefferson,

when he joins the enormous majority, will be said with his knowledge, in a way, and partly at his own suggestion. And he will not mind! What was said about Mark Twain when the report came to us, happily to be contradicted, of his lying on the point of death in some far-away, strange city, during his memorable journey around the world, I would permit Mark to read, if I were not, man-like, and Scotch-like, ashamed to let him understand how much I love him, how dearly I prize his affectionate friendship. May they rest, unread, carefully stowed away in the editors' safes, those two brief chronicles, for many years to come!

I spent, on one afternoon late in November, 1898, some ten minutes or so in Mr. Jefferson's room at the Holland House, New York. He was very bright, and full of hopes and of interest in things mundane; and as we talked and laughed together I had, all the while, weighing me down like a lump of ice, that obituary of him in my pocket! I did not expect to see him; I did not think of the horrible bit of manuscript as I sent my card to him, until suddenly its presence flashed upon me; and I felt like a Literary Ghoul.

The general reading public must be astonished sometimes at the prompt and exhaustive notices which the daily journals contain of important personages who are cut off, suddenly or prematurely, in the midst of their life's work. Long and immediate articles appear, concerning some great warrior killed at the head of his army, or on the deck of his ship; of some political ruler shot by the hands of an assassin; of some author or artist found dead in his bed, or thrown from his wheel. But these articles are often prepared long years before they are used, and are kept "up to date," by men whose business it is to set down each one of his subject's public acts or notable achievements. If Ex-President Harrison marries; if Ex-President Cleveland moves to Princeton; if President McKinley signs a Declaration of War with Spain, this is all noted, under the proper head, and with the correct date;

and when the supreme earthly hour comes, the editor has but to press the button, and the compositor, and the printer, and the proof-reader, and the newsboy, do the rest.

It happens, now and then, that the obituary-writer has the weird experience of reading his own, or her own, obituary notice, so far as it goes! Miss Gilder, detailed to tell the sad story of the taking off of John Gilbert, the actor, properly pigeon-holed under the alphabetical *Gil*, was curious to look a little beyond the consonant *b* for the consonant *d*; and there she found what was to be said of "Gilder, Jeannette," the morning before her funeral.

Of all the manuscript, poetry, sermon, history, romance, essay, sketch, story, grave or gay, long or short, wise or foolish, which is submitted to publishers of books or periodicals, it is estimated that but ten *per centum* is worthy of serious consideration; and that not three *per centum* is likely to see the light of print. "Professional Readers," like all other men, are, of course, not infallible; and some serious mistakes are made in the best regulated establishments. But the verdict is generally just and according to the evidence. Sad is it, though, to think of the hours, and days, and weeks, and months, and even years, spent in the production and in the elaboration of so many unavailable articles; of the care given to them, of the life and heart put into them; and of the bitter mortification and disappointment which are the only results.

There once came to me, as a "Reader," and from a town in the far Northeast of these United States, the manuscript of a story which was fully twice as long as "Vanity Fair" or as "David Copperfield." Its manual part was the perfection of neatness. It was written with the utmost care, in a hand beautifully clear and distinct; it was the hand of a slow and labored writer, and it was the hand of a refined and, probably, a youngish woman. Every "i" was dotted; every "t" was crossed; every comma was in its place; the French and the Italian words, and the English italicized sentences, which

were many, were underlined by means of a ruler, and with a coarser pen; the thousand and more pages of heavy foolscap were numbered in red ink; the chapter-heads were engrossed in Old English text, and it was dated, on the last leaf, "Christmas Day, 188—."

As a story it was without interest, sequence, sometimes without sense of any description. Its acceptance was utterly out of the question. One "Reader," who had not heard my "Opinion," condemned it in two words, as "No good!" And when I saw it packed to be returned to its creator, I felt as if I were an executioner, attending the funeral of some widow's only child, my own victim; as if I were a murderer, standing by a casket holding nothing but the ashes of dead hopes.

The "Publisher's Reader" works in the dark, and in profound secrecy. He or she—very frequently she—is not permitted to exchange views with the other "Readers" until the final judgment is put on record; sometimes is not supposed to know who the other "Readers" are; and is rarely permitted to know the name of the author whose work is to be read. I accepted—without reading it at all—a certain story called "Their Pilgrimage," because I recognized, at the first glance, the handwriting of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner; and because I had heard, from Mr. Warner himself, that it had been ordered and accepted, and paid for in part, already! It was submitted to me, I presume, as a test, and because I had some time before rejected emphatically, as lacking in everything, a romantic tale which had since been accepted, and published, by another house, had been universally praised by press and public, and had sold enormously. I do not care much for the matter or the manner of it, to this day.

On the other hand, I urged the acceptance of a serious book which, as I understood later, every "Reader" on the staff had condemned. It seemed to me to fill every practical want, to have all the merits and few of the faults of its kind, and to have, above all, the not common merit in books of

its kind, to wit, the promise of popularity. I am glad to say that it was accepted; and I am proud to say that it is now universally regarded as a standard work, although it was a first effort of its maker. It has been followed by many more, written at the publisher's request, and forming now a very valuable library of their own. I met the author once, at a dinner-party; but I never mentioned the fact that I had had, by chance, the great good fortune to be the first to discover him.

The "Professional Reader's" lot in life is not always a particularly happy one. At a salary ranging from fifteen to twenty-five dollars a week, he is expected to examine into the worth or the worthlessness of from three to six examples of literary manufacture a day; the amount of his wages depending upon the quality of his examples; the number of his examples depending upon their length. He must know what the publisher wants, which is what the public wants; for the publishers, no matter how much they may like it themselves, cannot afford to put upon the market, at considerable cost of production, any article which is not likely to sell; and the "Reader" must know why it is wanted. Style and subject may be admirable, but if the subject is hackneyed, no amount of style will give it a trade value. In considering translations, he must try to discover if the work has ever before been rendered into English, and if so, by whom, under what name, how, when, and where. Before the passage of the American International Copyright Law, he had to find out if any British work submitted to him had already been printed in this country, or had been imported in printed form, and the size of its edition. He must have a knowledge of books and of their makers; a familiarity with standard and ephemeral literature of all kinds sufficient to admit of his being able to detect plagiarisms of plot, of expression, and even of ideas. He must overcome his own personal prejudices. He must keep ever in his mind the fact that, even if he is not cultivating the

public taste, it is, at least, his bounden duty to see that the public taste is not vitiated by bad language, bad English, bad manners, and bad morals.

He must write and sign, on all occasions, a carefully prepared "Opinion," as it is technically called, giving as concisely and as clearly as possible his verdict upon the particular piece of work in question, and his reasons for delivering that verdict. These "Opinions" are written upon uniform paper; they are marked, numbered, and dated; they are folded always in a certain way; they are put into cases made for the purpose; they are indexed under three heads, the name of the author, the name of the "Reader," and the title of the work; and they are kept for many years. Some of these "Opinions" are literature in themselves, although never to see the light of print; and they are often most interesting reading, when looked at in the light of subsequent results. But not so often are they agreeable reading to the "Reader" whose "Opinion" is shown to have been wrong.

Above all, the "Reader" must devote a good many precious hours to the perusal of countless pages which cannot interest him, which often bore him, and which sometimes shock him, at a stipend of from two and a half to four dollars a day. It must not be inferred that he is dissatisfied with his pay. If he resigns, or is removed, there are many others ready, and eager, to take his place; for he is a lucky workingman of letters who can earn, readily and surely, the daily wages of a plumber's assistant, or the gas-man's apprentice!

The "Special Reader" is paid by the piece; usually five dollars for each work submitted to him. He reads only occasionally, and only the subjects relating to his own particular line of thought and study. As an expert in mathematics, let us say, or geology, or music, or the arts, or in maritime construction, or in anything else, his opinion is, of course, valuable. Not regularly attached, he not infrequently reads for more houses than one; and, as books are passed from firm to firm of publishers, it happens, now and

then, that the "Expert Reader" is paid six times for saying to half a dozen different establishments that a certain work, on Ancient Hymnology, for instance, he cannot conscientiously recommend. That is almost the only kind of "reading" which the "Professional Reader" thoroughly enjoys!

Prominent among the troubles and trials of the professional writer are the amateur papers, in prose and verse, which he is asked to read and to criticise, and sometimes to find a market for. They come from friends, whom he would like to help and to encourage, and they come from utter strangers, who have no claim whatever upon his time or his attention. The strangers do not understand how much they are asking; and the friends are rarely satisfied with the results of their requests. To tell a young man who thinks he has ideas and the gift of expressing them, that his ideas are not new, and that his manner of expression is not particularly happy, is an exceedingly unpleasant and thankless task. Nevertheless the young man "wants to be told the whole truth and nothing but the truth"; though he does not believe it *is* the truth, when he hears it. And the truth, not infrequently, is apt to be so unpalatable that he never forgives the truth-teller, nor forgets the damage done to his pride and his feelings; especially if the candid and unvarnished statement comes from an author with whom he has some personal acquaintance. No one but the author knows how much of the harmony of familiar intercourse has been wrecked upon the rock of honest criticism, honestly, but inconsiderately, sought, and honestly but unwillingly granted.

It is the duty of the editor to accept or reject. That is what he is an editor for; but it is not necessarily his business to tell the reason why. If the submitted manuscript is printed and paid for, the "reason why" is self-evident; if it is declined, no "reason why" ever given would be satisfactory. And the editor is always to blame! He is not disliked so heartily, however, as is the constant contributor, or the occasional contributor, who, with-

out having the power to reject or accept anything, even his own contributions, is expected to read carefully, to weigh conscientiously, and to give, for nothing, his opinion upon a piece of literary work which is sometimes good, usually indifferent, and generally bad. If he says it is good, he is believed to be saying merely what anybody would say: if he says it is indifferent, he is considered impertinent, at least; if he says it is bad, he is not only a fool, but a brute; and if he refuses to say anything whatever, he is impertinent, a brute, and an idiot, all in one! And all this is brought about through no fault, or voluntary act, of his own.

There seems to be an impression afloat, among amateur authors, that nepotism and personal favoritism are strong powers in the editorial sanctums. There is, of course, something in a name. The public likes, and demands, names in many cases; but the editors are anxious to find new names that are attached to new thoughts and to new gifts; and they prefer, naturally, something good under a name unknown to fame, to something indifferent or bad, signed by a name that has already made itself famous, or, at least, familiar. And, in many instances, this work of the 'prentice hand, because it is good work, but rough, is polished, and scoured, and scraped, and patched, by means of the traditional blue pencil, and with great patience and infinite pains, until it is fit for use.

This patching, and scraping, and cutting, and fitting, by the way, is another great trial to the practised writer, although he often has to endure it. He does not always see the reason or the necessity for it; he protests against the twisting of what he considers one of his happiest phrases, or the absolute elimination of what he knows to be one of his best thoughts. And when one hyper-moral editor, in a description of a railway accident, cuts down fifteen flasks of whiskey to one scent-bottle; and when another very particular editor turns the familiar quotation, "Damn the critics who

damned the play" to "Dash the critics who dashed the play," the author rebels altogether, if he can afford to!

When the Boy I Knew was telling the young readers of *St. Nicholas* how he and his friend Bob Hendricks smoked their first cigar, half a cigar left by Uncle Phil, and how they wished they had n't, the editors asked him to throw away the half of Uncle Phil's cigar. No self-respecting boy, they said, would think of going to his father's box, and taking out of it a whole, new "Delicioso"; for that would be stealing; but he might be tempted to pick up a stump from the ash-tray and try that,—"if the idea was put into his head!" "But him no Buts," they said, paraphrasing Aaron Hill in "The Snake in the Grass"; and the butt was put entirely out of the reach of the innocent boy reader, who looked around for another one, no doubt. And no doubt he wished he had n't.

On a certain centennial occasion, by request, and without payment, was written for a daily illustrated journal of New York, an article upon the performance, at the "John Street Theatre," just an hundred years before that night, of a fine old comedy, presented by a fine old company of comedians. I stated precisely where the "John Street Theatre" had stood; on the North Side, between Broadway and Nassau Street in New York, directly in the rear of Mr. Grant Thorburn's famous seed-shop; Grant Thorburn having been, in his day, a well-known "character" of the town. I added that there still existed the alley-way leading to the stage door of the old house of entertainment, along which the performers, professional and amateur, Major André among the latter, used to pass, before the Revolution, and shortly after the Independence of the United States was declared and recognized. The proof of the article came to me as it was written, and it was read and returned. But, when the paper appeared, all mention of "Grant Thorburn's famous seed-shop" had disappeared. The professional blue pencil had wiped it out of

newspaper existence. When asked the reason why, the editor said that the matter had been laid before Grant Thorburn's descendant and successor, who had refused to pay for the unconscious and absolutely unintentional advertisement; and the ellipsis had been the result. This closed my connection with the daily illustrated journal in question. And, shortly afterwards, the daily illustrated journal in question closed its connection with itself.

A short, so-called "poem" was cut out bodily from a longish prose paper, by another editor, on the ground of its indelicacy; but it was permitted to stand alone in the columns of *Life*. It was called "The Modest Maples"; and, at the risk of shocking some of my readers, it is quoted in full:

The willows wept that the summer was dead,
As they shrank in the bleak autumn air;
And the maples all blushed a rosy red,
At the thought of their limbs being bare!

Five dollars was paid for it, and a somewhat doubtful compliment from Mr. T. B. Aldrich, who, quoting it once, spoke of its author as "the American Zola!"

What are technically called "Comics," it may be said in passing, bring about twice as much in verse as in prose; and the manufacturer of such articles naturally works for the better paying market. The "Wail of the Waves," with its second and climactical play upon words, was originally written as a prose dialogue, between a mother and her inquiring son. After it was accepted, and paid for, in that form, with a small check, a second play upon words occurred to the author; it was amended, put into rhyme, and the check was doubled! As an object-lesson, it is here appended, as it was finally given to the world:

"What are the wild waves saying,
As over the sands they sigh?
Why do they groan and grumble?
Is it 'cause they are tied so high?"
"My child, the wild waves murmur,
And angry passions show,
Because some careless wader
Has stepped on their under-toe!"

(To be continued.)

The Growing Distaste for the Higher Forms of Poetry*

By ALFRED AUSTIN (Poet Laureate of England)

["The Growing Distaste for the Higher Forms of Poetry" was the subject of a lecture by the Poet Laureate. Garbled forms of this lecture having appeared in print, Mr. Austin has especially prepared this manuscript for America, so that the readers of *THE CRITIC* may see exactly what he said in his now famous lecture, which, authorized and in full, is here published for the first time.—EDITOR.]

BEFORE defining what is the Higher Poetry, I think it will be well to have a clear idea in our minds as to what is Poetry. I have seen many definitions, none of which have quite satisfied me, and therefore I must run the risk—no slight one, I am aware—of offering a definition of my own. In the Gospel according to St. Mark, we are told that Peter, James, and John were taken by our Lord up to a high mountain, and that He was transfigured before them. I trust I shall not be thought irreverent if I suggest that Poetry is Transfiguration, the Transfiguration of the Actual or the Real into the Idea at a lofty elevation, through the medium of melodious or nobly sounding verse. Illustrations are not unoften the most convincing form of argument, and I will illustrate my meaning, and fortify my definition, by brief examples of what is, and what is not, Poetry: and they shall be from a Poet we all love and honor, and who notoriously affords numerous examples of both. Need I say that I allude to Wordsworth? The following lines are from his "Simon Lee, the Old Huntsman":

And he is lean and he is sick :
His body, wrinkled and awry,
Rests upon ankles swollen and thick ;
His legs are thin and dry,
One prop he has, and only one,
His wife, an aged woman,
Lives with him near the waterfall,
Upon the village common,
Oft working by her husband's side,
Ruth does what Simon cannot do ;
For she, with scanty cause for pride,
Is stouter of the two.

And though you, with your utmost skill,
From labor could not wean them,
Alas ! 't is very little, all,
Which they can do between them.

Need we shrink from saying that, though written by Wordsworth, this is not Poetry? Let us forget it, and turn to another poem of his, which is equally simple as far as language is concerned, but which everybody will have just as little hesitation in saying is Poetry, and very beautiful Poetry. It is called "The Reverie of Poor Susan":

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight ap-
pears,
Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for
three years ;
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard,
In the silence of morning, the song of the Bird.

It is a note of enchantment ; what ails her ? She
sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees ;
Bright volumes of vapor through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside!

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail,
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven; but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade :
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colors have all passed away from her eyes.

Here everything is transfigured, while retaining its reality—nay, whilst its very reality is made more real to us. Wood Street is transfigured; the thrush is transfigured, Lothbury and Cheapside are transfigured; mist, river,

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hill, stream, and shade are transfigured; Susan is transfigured; and we who read are transfigured. We are on "a high mountain apart."

Having thus defined and illustrated what is Poetry, we may now pass on to answer the inquiry: What is the Higher Poetry? and the answer will be the most quickly and the most securely arrived at by noting what is the proper field or domain of Poetry—in other words, what is the material or subject-matter with which it deals.

The material, or subject-matter, I venture to submit is, whatever men perceive, feel, think, or do; and, if one reflects for a moment, one observes that there are four well-known kinds of Poetry—Descriptive, Lyrical, Reflective, and Epic and Dramatic Poetry—taking the last two conjointly, corresponding in the closest manner with whatever men perceive, feel, think, or do; in other words, with Perception, Feeling, Thought, and Action. Now is there an ascending scale of dignity and importance in Perception, Feeling, Thought, and Action? I think everybody would reply: Assuredly and obviously there is. We perceive before we feel, we feel before we think, feel and think before we act, at least in any matter of consequence; and so we may safely assert that Emotion is a higher function than mere Perception, Thought a higher function than mere Emotion, Action higher than any or all of the other three, the reason being that what follows implies and includes what goes before, while what goes before does not imply and include what follows. But, if this be so, there must be a corresponding scale of advancing dignity and importance in Descriptive, Lyrical, Reflective, and Epic and Dramatic Poetry, respectively, provided that, in each case, Imaginative Transfiguration, operating through the medium of melodious or nobly sounding verse, takes place.

For Descriptive, Lyrical, and Reflective Poetry, provided it be of sufficient brevity, there is, perhaps, as much taste and liking as ever. But from Narrative and Dramatic Poems, unless they be of the most modest dimen-

sions, most readers nowadays turn with invincible repugnance. Men and women of a former generation seized with eager hands on a new poem, read it with fervent tenderness, returned to it again and again, learned much of it by heart, and gave it a permanent place in their thoughts and affections. Thus did our fathers, thus did our mothers. Their descendants look on a long work in verse with coldness, and for the most part refuse to become familiar with it; Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Byron, even Shakespeare himself, being read and tolerated to-day but fragmentarily, when at all, and what constitutes the real superiority in those great writers, viz., Imaginative Thought and Imaginative Action, being especially repugnant to them. I hear and see, as I have no doubt you hear and see, frequent quotations, though nearly always the same quotations, from lesser poets, but I rarely hear and see quotations from, or references to, the higher poetry of the really great Masters of our Poetic Literature.

What has caused this change—I must call it this much-to-be-regretted change—in general taste and practice? It has been caused, mainly, by the creation and universal dissemination of another form of Romantic Literature, better adapted to the capacity of the average mind, and even to the average mood of superior minds. Novels have ousted Poems from their old place in popular affection. A man would, indeed, have a morose and thankless disposition who failed to acknowledge the services, many and various, rendered by prose romances to the present generation, and he would display a narrow critical capacity if he did not discern the immense ability, frequently the delightful genius, employed in their production. To the overwrought brain they are an invaluable distraction, to the frame recovering from sickness one of the most effective auxiliaries of the healing art. But the habitual devouring of novels, not to rest the mind, nor to minister to convalescence, must perforce destroy the taste for mental food of a more delicate and sustaining kind.

Resorted to at first as a pastime, novel-reading is too often continued as an occupation, and what might have been a useful tonic becomes the most depressing of stimulants.

For what is it, for the most part, readers look for in prose fiction? They look, for the most part, for an exciting story, most frequently for a love-story, and for descriptions of men and women as they are. I suppose everybody will allow that the most delightful of all love-stories in verse is that of "Romeo and Juliet." Yet is it not the fact that, save when some lovely if otherwise imperfectly gifted creature impersonates on the stage the impulsive daughter of the House of Capulet, the interest in that sad but enchanting drama can scarcely be described as general to-day, and that the intrigues of dwellers in Mayfair, described in halting prose, are found infinitely more entrancing than the tragic epithalamium of the lovers of Verona?

If we turn from the interest aroused by story to that which arises from the portrayal of human character, we see a kindred revolt. To describe men and women as they are, for the delectation of men and women as they are, may possibly be the proper business, and apparently is at present the chief task of the novelist. But assuredly, that is not the function of the Poet, who, if he glances from heaven to earth, glances likewise from earth to heaven. His enduring vocation is, while thoroughly knowing men and women as they are, to transfigure them into what they might or what they ought to be.

"Man has lost his dignity, but Art has saved it. Truth still lives in Poetry, and from the copy the original may be restored." This splendid saying of Schiller is, I think, not undeserving of the notice even of the novelist. But for the Poet it is an instruction and a watchword.

It is with extreme reluctance I say anything that may seem in any degree derogatory of the feminine temperament, for which I entertain the warmest admiration and the deepest reverence. But I should be sinning against candor were I to affect to believe that the in-

terests of women, as a rule, are as wide and as detached from personal issues as are the interests of men. The lady who said the other day that she was not in reality much interested in politics, but that she was greatly interested in politicians, uttered a suggestive truth not only regarding herself, but likewise regarding the majority of her sex.

It is no demerit to them; but let us frankly recognize the fact. They are more interested in individual joys, sorrows, sins, sufferings, and emotions generally, than in national or world-wide issues. One of the greatest of poems opens with the well-known words, "Arms and the Man I sing." What is the instantaneous feeling of the most women on reading such an announcement? Surely it would be expressed by the words, "Sing of the Man by all means, and especially of his relation to women; but of Arms we hear quite enough in the newspapers." Hence the Fourth Book of the "Æneid," with its fascinating episode of Dido and Æneas, is the only one in Virgil's great poem that really interests them, and they absolutely refuse to concern themselves about the *Romanum candere gentem*, the foundation of an Empire. To poets, I have heard, they are peculiarly gracious; but I could not advise any poet who has written verse of various kinds to ask them to be as much absorbed by his more thoughtful and intellectual poetry as by that portion of it which is purely and exclusively emotional. Those who may happen to have read Ovid's "Heroides" will, perhaps, remember two striking lines in the letter supposed to be written by Helen to Paris:

Apta magis generi quam sunt tua corpora Marti,
Bella gerant alii, tu, Paris, semper ama.

"You are," she says, "much more adapted to be a votary of Venus than of Mars. Let others go forth to battle; but you, Paris, remain by my side and devote yourself wholly to the offices of Love." To take Helen as the type of her sex would, indeed, be a calumny of the grossest kind. But even in the

most extravagant exaggeration there not often lurks a slight element of truth; and is it not the truth that, as a rule, women are more interested in Love, material, filial, conjugal, domestic Love, than in the mighty issues and the impersonal causes that from time to time stir mankind, and inspire poets with their loftiest themes and their sublimest works? But women are much the most numerous readers to-day and, participating as they do in the universal emancipation from authority, they select their own books and bestow their suffrages on the works they happen to like best.

It can hardly be necessary to point out the effect this must have on the popularity or unpopularity of the Higher Poetry. But there is yet another reason why the really Higher Poetry has fallen into wide disfavor. We have been asked, during the last twenty or thirty years, to accept as great poetry what I must continue to think, and be allowed to continue to affirm, is not Poetry at all.

A Poet and Critic, who is no longer with us, whom I am happy to remember I knew, and held in much honor,—I refer to Matthew Arnold,—was never weary of insisting that in Poetry, as in Life, there should be what, translating a word employed in the meridian of Athenian Philosophy, he called "high seriousness," and he explicitly propounded that the greatness of a Poet depends on the amount of "subject-matter" or "criticism of life" with which, in his function of Poet, he habitually deals. I have always felt, and I once ventured to say to him, that the phrase "criticism of life" is rather an ambiguous one, seeing that the word "criticism" is commonly used in a totally different sense from that in which he intended to use it, and I must confess I prefer the phrase, "transfigured representation of life."

But even the best, the soundest, and the most circumspect of critics are subject to inadvertent utterances, sometimes; and I have a letter from him somewhere in which he said that Shelley's lyric in "Prometheus Unbound," "My soul is an enchanted boat," seemed

to him "mere musical verbiage." I think there was some exaggeration in that expression of opinion, but what probably he intended to convey by it was only a protest against the excessive admiration that has prevailed in our days for mere sensuous lyricism. But a far more serious inadvertence, because published and recorded in print to this day, was the intimation that the verse of Pope, perhaps, belongs rather to the prose than to the poetic literature of our language. I am confident he would not have maintained that position, if privately challenged to defend it, and I well remember how, when walking with him in his garden at Aldworth, Tennyson expressed to me an opinion concerning Pope of a very different kind. I do not say that all, or by any means all, the verse of Pope is Poetry, for, as Byron truly observed, a long poem can no more be all Poetry than a sky can be all stars. It is the very presence of Thought, of the reasoning faculty, of method, of sustained purpose, in Pope, that makes him unwelcome and uncongenial to the readers of Poetry to-day; yet, as Matthew Arnold says, it is the amount of subject-matter in a Poet that is the main point. What is it that makes Shakespeare the greatest of poets, no less than the greatest of dramatists, if it be not the amount of Thought, of Reason—remember, "Reason thus with Life,"—we encounter in his Poetry, and I at least should regard it as rank critical heresy, if any one were seriously to maintain that "The Rape of the Lock" and the "Essay on Man" do not belong to, and do not occupy a very distinguished place in, our poetical literature. Yet they are found unreadable, and remain unread, by the majority of the readers of Poetry to-day. Perhaps I may be permitted to recall, in passing, that in my youth I knew by heart the whole of the "Essay on Man," and Goldsmith's "Traveller" and "Deserted Village," and, as a matter of course, Gray's famous "Elegy," and I am sure I was not peculiar in that respect. Is there a man or woman under thirty at this moment who can say the same? If there is, I

should much like to make his, or still more her, acquaintance.

This general alienation of taste from the higher, more serious, more intellectual Poetry, the Poetry containing more subject-matter, more criticism of life, extends to the whole range of our greater Poets and our Higher Poetry—to Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Pope, to Shakespeare himself, whom readers to-day know only by what may be called the tit-bits of Poetry, and we may be quite sure that if the great dead are treated in this manner, later writers of verse will have fared no better. I happened to see, a little while ago, a notice of a new poem in unquestionably the most reputed of weekly critical publications, and the reviewer incidentally, and not in the least ill-naturedly, observed that the writer in question was essentially and exclusively English in his works. I confess I was startled by the remark, for it so happens that the subject and scene of nearly all that writer's longer works are not English, but foreign, are laid abroad, and, in a word, are cosmopolitan in character. But, being long, serious works, containing a criticism of life, they were ignored by, or more probably unknown to, the reviewer. But the fact is unhappily beyond dispute, that the "Greater Muses," the "Urania," the "Polymnia," the "Melpomene," of the Greeks, the "Heavenly Muse" of Milton, have fallen, if not on evil tongues, at least on evil days. Not only the "Heavenly Wisdom" that Milton invoked, but "Earthly Wisdom," is, well, is unwelcome to the readers of Poetry to-day, and there is no Higher Poetry without Wisdom, without the intellectual power to look before and after, conjoined with the transfiguring imagination. Even the higher examples of Lyrical Poetry are less relished than lyrics of a lower and narrower quality: Spenser's "Epithalamium" and Byron's "The Isles of Greece," each with its great theme greatly treated, being far less popular than lyrics of a merely sensuous, mellifluous, and occasionally jingling character.

If we turn to the Stage, which used

to be thought the proper domain of the Higher, indeed of the highest, Poetry, what do we see? Audiences determined, let authors, managers, and actors strive as they will, not to have Literature, and Poetic Literature most of all, inflicted on them, but, in its place, sumptuous scenery, choreographic sensuousness, and the lightest of music. And from which part of the house is this demand most marked and most persistent? The answer must be, from the Stalls, whose occupants, alike in the theatre, as in their reading, exhibit an ever-deteriorating and more frivolous taste.

It is possible that some will say: "Well, if novels, newspapers, and plays of the most vapid and transitory kind *have* taken the place of poems of high seriousness, of lofty imagination, and of wise, moral meaning, what does it matter?" What does it matter! It matters enormously, it matters vitally. This is not the place, nor the occasion to inquire if trade be slipping from our grasp. But this is the place to note that the entire thought, the whole anxiety, the raging controversy, of the hour is not if we are growing less intellectual, less spiritual, less wisely serious, but wholly and solely whether we are or are not growing less wealthy and less materially prosperous.

Will any one contradict me if I affirm that Material Prosperity is the Ideal, and Wealth the very Divinity of the Age? Nor is this degrading conception of the purpose and uses of life peculiar to ourselves. It is the Ideal that prevails everywhere. Do I exaggerate if I say that it may be called the Cosmopolitan Religion of the time? That is an appalling thing to say; but if it be true, it should be said and re-said, iterated and reiterated from the house-tops till it reaches the ears, sinks into the hearts, and arrests the madness of those who have adopted it. Such is the evil, such the danger, by which we are menaced. Where are we to look for rescue or remedy, if rescued we yet can be? Where but in the pages of the Greater Poets, the Higher Poetry, which present to us a very different conception of the meaning, the

purpose, and the uses of Life, and keep steadily before us a worthier and nobler Ideal. This you will not find in merely Lyrical or Emotional Poetry, however beautiful and enchanting it may happen to be. I ask no one to desist from reading it; it would be strange, indeed, if I did. But I urge that it should not be the only Poetry, or even the chief Poetry, held in honor and affection. Lyrically Emotional Poetry, if too much read and too exclusively cherished, has its dangers. In delighting, it may demoralize. In soothing, it may enervate. It is the Great Poetry, the Higher Poetry, that, in delighting, strengthens and ennobles. I doubt not there are some who read this, who may feel, as the phrase is, out of sorts, run down, wanting in tone, and who are told by their physician all they need is change of air, but mountain air, change from the relaxing and stifling atmosphere of the valley or the

plain to the fortifying breezes of some high place. As with the body, so with the spirit, which, after abiding overmuch in the relaxing atmosphere of purely emotional and sensuous Poetry, requires to be braced by companionship with the masculine Poets, the Poets who move and enchant, but at the same time stimulate and strengthen, by mingling with Emotion, Thought, Intellect, and Reason. Turn we then to these: to the indulgent Chaucer, to the chivalrous Spenser, to the majestic Milton, to the sociable Pope, to Wordsworth in his more poetic, to Byron in his more moralizing, moods; above all, to Shakespeare, the highest, the greatest, the wisest of us all. No one deserves the designation of Great Poet who is not wise, who is not a profound philosopher, and who does not write and assist us to consort with, as Wordsworth defines Great Poetry, "Reason in her most exalted mood."

A Reply to the Poet Laureate

By BLISS CARMAN

WHETHER or not there actually is a growing distaste for the higher kinds of poetry is more a matter of observation than of judgment; and the opinion of a statistician, if he could find the proper data anywhere, would be more valuable than that of the wisest critic. I have no means of coming to an adequate conclusion on the subject, but I dare say many thoughtful persons must regretfully share Mr. Austin's apprehension that poetry has nothing like the hold it used to have on men's minds.

This, however, would not necessarily mean the final decay of poetry as a fine art. It might only indicate a temporary condition, a passing fluctuation of history. Periods of fine civilization, of intellectual freedom and spiritual activity, have before now given place to ages of grossness, barbarism, ignorance, and decay. They may again. If

not a book of poetry were sold in a year, it would not prove the death of poetry; it would only prove the degeneration of the time. At least that is the faith which the story of man up to the present time justifies us in holding.

We can hardly quarrel, I think, with Mr. Austin's insistence on the quality of transfiguration in poetry. It certainly is the essence of all poetry and art. But we may, perhaps, differ with him as to what we had best consider the higher kinds of poetry. The division of poetry into Descriptive, Lyrical, Reflective, and Narrative (Epic and Dramatic) is useful academically; it will hardly give us sufficient help in determining the relative value of poetical works, and is very likely to lead us astray. We should scarcely be justified in calling "The Lady of the Lake" or "The Lays of Ancient Rome"

a higher kind of poetry than "Tears, Idle Tears," or "Lead, Kindly Light," simply because the former deal with action and the latter with emotion,—though this, perhaps, is citing a rather unfair comparison. I believe we shall derive more help in our consideration of the subject, if we reflect rather on the aims and natural function of poetry, than on the various forms in which it manifests itself.

There are essential qualities common to all poetry, and the excellence or eminence of poetry depends on the extent to which these qualities are present and the proportion in which they co-exist in any particular instance. Poetry, like the other fine arts, has arisen in answer to definite permanent needs in our human constitution. It is a sublimated means of expression or communication, transcending our daily speech, and helping us to realize ourselves. It fixes the delight of our happiest moments in some recognizable shape to add to the delight of others. It may be called a criticism of life, because it contains the wisest and most mature thought of the race. It is more than a criticism of life, however, since it records not only the best that has been thought, but the best that has been felt also, as Arnold himself says. It is not content to appeal to our minds, it must appeal to our emotions also; it must move as well as inform us; it must convince us by its reasonableness, and at the same time it must quicken us by its passionate sympathy and warmth. In addition to these two essential qualities which good poetry possesses, it must have another: it must appeal to an instinct for beauty, it must charm our æsthetic sensibility with its rhythms and cadences and lovely sounds and entrancing images. It must give us thought, indeed, but thought "touched with emotion," thought suffused with feeling and drenched with beauty. When a poem does these three things for us in an eminent degree, it matters very little whether it is lyrical or epic. Poetry may, of course, show one quality without the others or in excess of the others. It may be extremely thoughtful at the

expense of emotion and beauty, as in the case of some of Browning's longer poems; or it may appeal chiefly to our feelings, as in the case of so many sentimental poets; while, again, its chief pre-eminence may be its wonderful mastery of sensuous beauty, as in the work of the pre-Raphaelites. But in whichever way poetry excels, it is just that particular excellence that gives it value. The comparative worth of a poem depends on the intensity with which it reaches us and the profoundness with which it influences our springs of action. And poetry can never have its utmost effect except when it makes use of these three avenues of approach, and sways our personality in each of these three ways.

Again, great poetry, like any great art, is only produced in exceptional moments; it is not the product of average every-day life, but of every-day life raised to the pitch of normal perfection; it is the record of heightened, if not unusual, experience. It gives definite utterance and memorable form to our universal aspirations and reflections. Whenever a piece of human experience is embodied in words, with more clarity of thought, more intensity of feeling, more haunting charm of speech, than have ever before been bestowed upon it, then is a new poem created which outranks all others on the same theme. It is widely appreciated because it refers to a common experience, and it is highly prized because it makes us realize that experience with uncommon vividness and intensity. It attains value in our eyes, and will continue to be treasured until in its turn it is superseded by another even more true, more stirring, and more beautiful.

These fortunate occurrences, these happy realizations of the creative impulse, seem to be quite beyond the control even of the sanest poets. Homer nods, and Wordsworth, as Mr. Austin reminds us, is often far from his best. No poet, if all his poetry could be recovered, but would have some verse to show which would prove him fallible. All the more wonderful, therefore, seem the instances of perfection; so that we have come to attribute them

to inspiration and to invest them with reverence.

This exceptional quality which we prize in poetry is not, let us remember, one of technique alone. We do not value most highly poetry which is most beautiful in execution, unless it also satisfies our longing for the true and the sublime. It must record for us the noblest aspirations of the human spirit, the ultimate reach of the soul after goodness; and it must reveal to us the clearest widest view of truth the human mind can attain. These spiritual and intellectual feats are only to be achieved in rare moments of ecstasy and insight, when the individual is lifted out of himself and brought into relation with the larger thought and volition of the universe,—of the overself. Naturally such rare and exceptional experiences cannot be appropriately expressed in common or average language. They demand heightened and transfigured forms of expression for their embodiment; and only when they succeed in finding such appropriate lodgment for themselves are their purpose and destiny fulfilled. They manifest themselves in all the arts, and enrich the world with shapes of beauty. When they choose the medium of words, and succeed in moulding it to some happy presentiment of themselves, they produce poetry of the highest rank, of whatever variety it may happen to be. The Book of Job, the Psalms, the Iliad, the plays of Shakespeare, have never been superseded, because they have never been surpassed. They deal with permanent human interests and perplexities that will draw men's attention as long as the world lasts, and they deal with them in a supremely beautiful way. If ever they are supplanted in our affectionate esteem, it will be because these same themes will have found other poets to treat them even more appropriately,—more lovingly and convincingly and with greater charm. The future appreciation and fame of the poets and artists of any age rest upon no other ground than this.

If we take this view of poetry, we shall see that it is the result not only

of happy concurrences in the nature of the poet, but of exceptional conditions in his age also, since he, even more than other men, must be sensitive to his surroundings and colored by the temper of his time. A dull or supine or depraved period does not foster what is heroic and ennobling and lovely. This is the law which holds in spite of the fact that such an age may offer to poetry and art a stimulating opportunity, through its very disregard of all they hold most dear, arousing them, by its opposition and contempt, to champion all the more valiantly those altruistic causes which it holds in derision. But in the main the art of an age is the measure of that age. The poetry of a people is an index to the character of that people. A pronounced and continued decline in the art and literature of a nation means a deterioration in one or more of those qualities of taste and aspiration and intellectual power from which art and literature spring.

If, therefore, there actually is a growing distaste for good poetry among us, only two conclusions are possible. The fault is either in ourselves or in poetry. Either we have become so supine, spiritually and æsthetically, that the lofty ideals of existing poetry are abhorrent to us, or else we have outgrown them, and the pabulum which nourished our fathers will not do for us.

There may be some argument in favor of the latter conclusion. With changing times and manners, many forms of art must be laid aside as no longer pertinent. Our wants and beliefs are not those of any other time or place; we must require the sustaining power of a literature quite different from that of the age of Augustus or Queen Anne or the Pilgrim Fathers. The past century has been one of immense and amazing unfolding of knowledge, and a consequent re-arrangement of all our ideas. We have not had time to assimilate all our new thought and to imbue it with feeling; and since science must be saturated with emotion and become part of the familiar furniture of the mind before it can be properly used in poetry, we have hardly

had time to evolve any poetry or art commensurate with our increased spiritual needs and representative of our enlarged stores of knowledge. And much of the old poetry may be inadequate. "Paradise Lost," for example, can hardly have the same hold on us that it had on our parents. For them it was an impressive rendering of what they believed to be supernatural facts. It must have retained for them something of the glamour and authority of religion. For us it is a twice-told tale, an ancient legend retold in our English tongue, less lovely than many of the Greek myths that have come down to us, conspicuous through the stateliness of its verse, but holding no unquestionable moral sanction, having no such spiritual significance as it may once have possessed. So, too, the vogue of Byron passed with the passing tastes and requirements of his day. Because he satisfied the sentimental need and intellectual hunger of a hundred years ago, it does not follow that he should satisfy ours. The same thing may be true of a great deal of poetry that was once highly thought of,—it may no longer be capable of affording the satisfaction which it is the business of poetry to give. I can well believe that many thoughtful people to-day cannot find in poetry what they need. Matthew Arnold in his poetry gave some expression to the soul-sickness of his time. But it may be that the poetry which is to cure that sickness has yet to be written. Is there not a very large class of modern men and women who are most eager for something great in poetry,—something that shall deal strongly with their mental disquiet, something that shall help them to live, something that shall allay despair and re-establish their courage? Any adequate poetry ought to do this. Why is it not being produced for us? Here is the garden; where is the voice of God?

Perhaps, however, the first conclusion is the right one, and the fault does not lie in poetry but in ourselves. There are critics who accuse us of a too great devotion to affairs,—to the practical and material side of life,—who point

out our ruthless greed, our immeasurable self-confidence, our flagrant corruption, our growing inhumanity. If such accusations are just, and if we are suffering a temporary lapse into the brutality of materialism, then certainly many of our finer instincts must be in eclipse, and a distaste for the beauties of poetry is only a natural consequence. Poetry appeals to the better self in man, and when that better self is obscured, poetry must languish. To care for poetry, one must first care for honor, for righteousness, for truth, for freedom, for fair play, for generosity, for unselfishness,—in short, for all those ideals of rectitude and loving-kindness which the long battle of civilization has been waged to establish. If it is true that our life as individuals and as nations is permeated with cheap faciousness, with disregard for public honesty, with disparagement of personal nobleness, with forgetfulness of the high traditions which belong to our birth, then it would be very unreasonable to expect us to care for poetry. It is the pious office of poetry to bring solace and encouragement and lofty purpose to the heart. To those who are recreant to their ideals it can bring nothing but a sense of shame; it can be no delight but only a rebuke.

But if we are become a gross and materialistic people, why does no great poet arise to reprove us and lead us back toward perfection? Here is the wilderness; where is the voice?

Lovers of poetry are not the only complainants of the present day, however. A gentleman in the University of Chicago has been calling attention to the unwillingness of educated men to enter the ministry. His grievance is exactly parallel to Mr. Austin's. He declares that out of twelve hundred students in Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and Princeton graduating this year only twenty-eight of all denominations are reported as intending to enter the ministry. Again, where does the fault lie, with religion or with us? Why should any educated man wish to enter the profession of divinity? As a calling, religion is almost as poverty-stricken as poetry itself, and its minis-

ters as little esteemed. We don't want religion any more than we want poetry. Why not? Have we outgrown it, or are we so debased that it is altogether distasteful to us?

No sane and thoughtful man can believe for a moment that a great human trait like our need of religion has passed away, any more than he can stately believe the literal declarations of the old orthodoxy. And because we cannot find new forms to replace the old formulas, we seem to be losing our grip on the essential elements of faith and

piety. But even if this be partly true, faith in ideals will return. The power of goodness may seem to be overcome for a time, but it must prevail anew as it prevailed of old. After a season of indifference, uncertainty, and worldliness, we shall take up the fight again against iniquity, and dishonor, and corruption, and oppression, as we have done so many times before in the long history of the world, and re-establish our broken ideals with the beautiful and the good.

Poetry will return with religion.

Benito Perez Galdós, Novelist, Dramatist, and Reformer*

By R. W. WALDECK

IT is a curious fact that Galdós, who, as a novelist, held the mirror to nature with such perfect impartiality,—a mirror so broad that it took in almost all the types of humanity,—as a dramatist has chosen to show us the type of his choice. This implies no duplication, no sameness. The women in this little gallery are always strong personalities, but just as we may say that Portia, Rosalind, and Viola are made of the same stuff without taxing Shakespeare with repetition, so we may say that Galdós has one heroine, whether she takes the form of "Dolly," the adorable twelve-year-old in "The Grandfather," or "Electra," the heroine of the play that created such an excitement three years ago and seemed about to produce an anti-clerical revolution. She is a being not burdened with book-learning, but quick to understand, of powerful intuition and powerful will, of bewitching piquancy and grace in her utter naturalness, impulsive and tender, by turns matter-of-fact and fanciful, with a keen sense of humor, and very little sense of conventionality, high-minded, heroic when circumstances demand, but always human, and buoyant with the joy

of living when circumstances permit. I shall make no attempt to determine whether or not the type is peculiarly Spanish. It is, without question, peculiarly attractive.

Galdós is now in the second phase of his artistic career. This takes into account the moral change that has given a special significance to his work rather than to variations of the literary quality which in his case have been little more than variations in shades of excellence. In the first phase we find the first and second series of the "Episódios Nacionales," twenty historical novels covering the whole period of the Napoleonic invasion, beginning with the battle of Trafalgar and ending with the agitations of the new-born liberal party in the early part of the reign of Fernando VII. This succession of vivid pictures, valuable renderings of the *état d'âme* of Spain at that time, easy, charming in style, and as interesting as a good story of adventure, constitute his chief claim to immortality in the estimate of the majority of his compatriots. Posterity, I think, will judge otherwise, in Spain and elsewhere; time and fitting translations will prove that his fame is greater by

* For portrait, see page 400.

making it rest upon the seventeen novels comprised under the general title of "Novelas Españolas Contemporáneas," any one out of eight of which would have sufficed to assure him a foremost place among the greatest novelists of the century. Here ends what we may call the first phase.

The initial impulse of the second seems to take shape in the story of "Nazarín," the priest, Christ-like in nature rather than Christian through reform or intellectual conviction like the present Tolstoy heroes. In "Halma," the novel which follows, and in which we find "Nazarín" again, we also find something like revolt against the tyranny of some social conventions, and an exhortation, more implied than expressed, it is true, but none the less forcible, to an independent and higher moral development of the individual, regardless of all that may appear disconcerting in the immediate results. From that day Galdós stands before us in a new light, and criticism must deal with him as with a reformer. As a dramatist he is avowedly that; the reform here, moreover, takes on a double character, and becomes artistic as well as social.

The *hantise* of the dialogue form dates back to the immortal "Novelas Contemporáneas." No novelist ever put his readers in closer contact with life, and still at a given moment the old medium seemed insufficient, not direct enough, and in order that the contact be closer still, that no thinnest gossamer of literary personality weave itself between the reader and the human beings who think, wonder, worry, and suffer through his swiftly turned pages, he chose to adapt the dialogue form to the novel. The last novel he wrote, "The Grandfather," divided into five acts, is preceded by an interesting preface on the subject; the only words concerning methods that ever fell from his pen, I believe, for he may have his theories and systems concerning the production of a masterpiece, but the world has known only the masterpiece; and that is peculiar, considering the fact that his greatest novels appeared at a time when the words "realism" and

"naturalism," were still lusty war-cries, and when novelists were still rushing pell-mell into the domain of criticism; at that regularly recurring period in the history of art when all the old shackles have been thrown off and the liberators are hotly forging the new ones. It seems superfluous to add that the vigorous modernity of Galdós's genius was a compelling force in the orientation of Spanish art, and that dissertations would have added nothing to his greatness nor to the freshness of that atmosphere of new thought that so surprised Mr. Howells in his consideration of Valdés.

From the novel in dialogue to the drama there was but one step. Some critics have maintained that in the present instance that step consisted in putting upon the stage works better fitted to be read and that the would-be dramas of Galdós never ceased to be novels in dialogue.

The stage has its imperious conventions, no doubt, but in the light of past reforms reasonable motives may be found for questioning the immutability of them all. Galdós has ignored as many of them as possible and achieved a result which is the very quintessence of anti-Sardouism, the utter abolition of the *ficelle*. Never do we find a cheap effect; critics have complained of a lack of effects, but it would be interesting to determine just how far that may be reduced to a question of adjustment. When the effects in a drama are not where we are in the habit of expecting them the work will always seem disappointing in spots and disconcerting as a whole. The habitual point of view exercises in art a tyranny with which nothing short of master-force can cope.

With "Mariucha," Galdós has triumphed over that tyranny and all the supposedly unsurmountable difficulties that bar the way to the writer who approaches the drama ignoring craft and disdaining artifice. The play, like all of the author's works, is Spanish in theme, and like all his plays it deals with the things of to-day and with problems peculiarly, if not exclusively Spanish. It is the fierce duel between

the old spirit and the new. It is society, petrified in its traditions, decrepit and stubborn, defending itself with the whole dead weight of the past against the new force that is pushing its way to the light. That may well be considered the general subject of his dramatic work, subdivided so as to present with each play a peculiar phase of the struggle.

The symbolism of Galdós, which crops out fitfully in some of his novels, but which is more permanently patent in his plays, is a symbolism of his own, equidistant from mysticism and from mistiness. It never constitutes a special method of presentation, and it is never insistent. It buds and blooms at the momentary lifting of prose-particular into the lofty poetry of the universal, by the magic of a sentence or a seeming accident of juxtaposition; it ap-

pears here and there through the work in some thrilling instant during which events loosen their eternal problems and every-day people rise to the height of prototypes. He creates no symbolic character, but the character becomes a symbol when in the heat of the crisis it attains supreme simplification and intensity; it is a sort of spontaneous crystallization; the symbolism lingers in the mind of the reader or the spectator as a personal deduction rather than as an artistic achievement, and his attitude towards it is the same as his attitude towards the symbolism of life; and that brings us down to the simple conclusion that the power and the charm of Galdós reside in his penetrant humanity, whether we consider him as a novelist, a dramatist, or a reformer.

Galdós in English

By CHRISTIAN BRINTON

IT may as well be confessed at the outset that the Anglo-Saxon public knows wofully little of Spanish literature. A few pioneer specialists such as Ticknor, Ford, Fitzmaurice-Kelly, and Bishop have done abundant work, but they have utterly failed to create any substantial interest in the subject. The novels of Valera, Valdés, Bazán, and Galdós, and the plays of Echegaray remain almost unknown to our reading masses at large, save in occasional and generally listless translation. It is a matter for deep chagrin that Galdós, at least, should not enjoy wider vogue, for he is in many regards the most typical, and by all odds the most prolific of modern Spanish authors. Had the fecund creator of that vast procession of "Episódios Nacionales" and "Novelas Contemporáneas" been a Frenchman or a German, his fame would have been universal, being a Spaniard, it is hardly more than Peninsular.

Under the circumstances, it would be ingenuous to regret that a series which in mere bulk rivals the "Comédie Humaine" and the "Rougon-Macquart" should not have appeared in its entirety in English guise, but it is humiliating to record that many of Galdós's best novels still remain unexploited. A complete bibliography of anything, in any language, could only be compiled by a British Museum automaton. The following notes may, however, prove of service to those whose ambition to read Galdós transcends their knowledge of the Spanish tongue. It is the industrious Clara Bell, who has made copious renderings from French, German, Italian, and other authors, who ranks as the most persistent translator of Galdós. Her versions, which are not uniformly felicitous, include, in the order of their publication: "Gloria" (New York, Peck, 1882); "Marianela" (New York, Gottsberger, 1883); "Tráfalgar" (New York, Gottsberger, 1884);

"Leon Roch" (New York, Peck, 1886); "The Court of Charles IV." (New York, Gottsberger, 1888).

It might not be amiss to caution the over-zealous that certain of the above renditions, as well as N. Wetherill's version of "Gloria," published in London in 1879, are out of print and hence unobtainable save in the libraries. The best translation ever made from Galdós is unquestionably Mrs. Mary J. Serrano's "Doña Perfecta" (Harper, 1895). It is subtle, accurate, and by turns as passionate and as poetic as the original text. "Doña Perfecta" was, by the way, previously translated by a mysterious and modest "D. P. W." and published by Tinsley & Co., London, in 1880. Indifferent versions of "Marianela," by Helen W. Lester (Chicago, McClurg, 1892), and of "Saragossa," by Minna Caroline Smith (Boston, Little, Brown & Co., 1900), have also appeared sporadically, as well as a translation of "The Battle of Salamanca" (Philadelphia, Lippincott).

For those whose knowledge of Spanish is more progressive than perfect, it is a pleasure to call attention to various editions of the original texts, edited with notes and vocabularies mainly for the edification of students. The delicate sentimentality of "Marianela" seems to have been superlatively enticing to the pedagogues, there being the following editions: "Marianela," edited by Edward Gray, A.B. (New York, The American Book Co., 1902); "Marianela," edited by Louis A. Loiseaux, B.

S. (New York, Jenkins, 1903); "Marianela," edited by J. Geddes, Jr., and F. M. Josselyn (Boston, Heath). There are two such editions of "Doña Perfecta," one by Arthur Marsh (Boston, Ginn & Co.), and another by E. S. Lewis (New York, The American Book Co.); and Galdós's much discussed play "Electra," has been edited in similar fashion by Otis Grindley Bunnell, M. S. (New York, The American Book Co., 1902).

Enthusiasts who wish to pursue the subject of Galdós into the ramifications of periodical literature may consult to advantage the following articles: "Doña Perfecta," by David Hannay, *Temple Bar*, March, 1880; "Perez Galdós in the Spanish Academy," by Archer M. Huntington, *The Bookman*, May, 1897; "In Praise of June," translated by Jean Raymond Bidwell, *The Living Age*, June 23, 1900; "The Novels of Perez Galdós," by W. Miller, *The Gentlemen's Magazine*, September, 1901; "Electra and the Progressive Movement in Spain," by Havelock Ellis, *THE CRITIC*, September, 1901.

In conclusion, it only remains to be said that serious spirits should strive to read Galdós in the original, a feat which is not, indeed, difficult of accomplishment. He is, on the whole, not gratifying to translate, his construction is often invertebrate, and his expansive canvas is crowded with obscure historical incident and specific references to Peninsular life and character.





Our Best Society

VIII

AT breakfast Mary avoided my eye. From covert glances, I gathered that she dreaded masculine observation; but if she feared me more than Alice, I reflected, she was making a grave blunder. I knew that I could trust Alice to deal with the problem at its present stage, and I looked forward with some interest to seeing what would happen. Perhaps, too, a lurking feeling that Mary had not rated me very highly influenced my state of mind.

"Now, dearest," said Alice, as we were about to rise from the table, "run out and have a good polish put on your shoes." She critically eyed my clothes, and, as she said nothing, I knew that I could pass anywhere.

When I returned to the house, Letty Henderson was already there, reminding me, in her frail beauty, of a white rose shot with pink. The flower-like suggestion was emphasized by the way she carried her slim and pretty figure: even while she was sitting she swayed lightly. It occurred to me that a rough word would strike her to the ground. There was something appealing about her, something almost pathetic. As soon as we shook hands I knew that she and Alice had been talking me over, treating me as women, when they are together, often like to treat a man, semi-humorously, as one with foibles in some way associated with finer qualities, and, for this reason, to be patiently endured.

"It was so nice of you to let me go with you," she said, and, in the uneasiness reflected from Miss Henderson's embarrassment, I replied mechanically, "Oh, that was Alice's doing." Then the two girls laughed aloud, and, perceiving from my looks that I realized my blunder, they had another spasm.

When we had entered the carriage, Alice began excitedly to tell Miss Hen-

derson about our experience with Mary, making a long and dramatic story out of it. As I listened, I marvelled at the way women feed their incipient friendship with some of the most intimate and personal details of life, and create intense emotional effects with the rehearsal of trifles. During the discussion, Miss Henderson swayed like a flower-stalk in a gale.

"Oh, what exciting times you must have!" she exclaimed, in an enraptured appreciation of the humorous twist Alice had given to the tale. "Your life must be a continuous picnic."

"For my wife, it is," I gravely assented, and I added impressively, "she is very, very happy"; and Miss Henderson turned to Alice with a smile that seemed to say: "Is n't he the greatest joker that ever lived? Is n't he just wonderful?" If I were to see much of this girl, I reflected, I should certainly become conceited. I should grow to be like those literary men I was used to meeting at the club, whose vitality, apart from their own family circle, was devoted largely to an unceasing endeavor to appear witty. What a relief it must be for those men to get home where they are not obliged to show off! I wonder if it is always so pleasant for the family. I never see one of those strenuous humorists, those insistently friendly and delightful fellows, without speculating about their wives' opinion of them.

When we reached the Holland House, we found Teddy and Monty standing on the sidewalk beside the coach. I noted that Teddy was dressed in what, to my eye, seemed an extraordinary get-up, a long yellow coat, like a cutaway, yellow trousers, tightened at the knees, long yellow boots, and a blue stock around his thick throat. If I had not known who he was I should have taken him for a groom. To be frank, he looked tough.

Monty, on the other hand, seemed like a figure out of a Gibson drawing, in a loose-fitting gray suit and with a white stock and gray felt hat. As a rule, I dislike seeing blonds in light clothes. It occurred to me that if Monty were n't so silly he would be a great heart-breaker. When I noted that his shoes were exactly like my own, I felt like shaking hands with him; but I grieved that I had not worn a stock, and I had a beauty at home, too. Still, it was a comfort to think that I had had sense enough to wear a colored shirt. I could see that, so far as the men were concerned, it was the thing to be as *négligé* as possible; but, of course, making it plain that the effect was a deliberate achievement. Teddy's rig, for example, was a triumph.

"Are we the first?" Miss Henderson asked, and Monty replied:

"Lily Valentine drove down the Avenue pell-mell five minutes ago with her hair all in a tangle. She thought she'd be late, and, when she found no one else was here but us two, she would n't get out of the cab. Then Mrs. Smith came along and took her into the hotel to fix her up."

"Suppose we go in and find them," said Miss Henderson to Alice.

They started off, leaving me alone with the two boys.

"Great day," said Teddy, absently, seeming to be unaware of the existence of the crowd that had gathered in front of him.

"Yes," I said. "It seems to me that in New York, at this time of year, we have the finest weather in the world."

He plainly did not care for this observation. He stood looking straight ahead. I resolved not to waste any long speeches on him again. In fact, the complete failure of my remark silenced me. As it echoed in my mind its stupidity hit me like a blow in the face. To my great relief, Mrs. Van Zandt and Mrs. Eustace rolled up together. Monty rushed forward to open the door of their carriage, and Teddy, still without moving, looked on with mild interest. The two ladies were amazingly flounced and feathered, and,

as they extended their white-gloved hands, their eyes shone through their white veils.

At that moment Miss Valentine, in a singularly girlish blue-silk dress, with white spots, and the simplest and prettiest little hat, came out of the hotel, followed by Mrs. Smith, Letty Henderson, and Alice. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Eustace began to shriek at each other and to laugh. From their exchanges I gathered one vital fact, that Cosgrave had said he'd come if he could, and, if he did come, he'd probably be late.

"Well, I object most decidedly to waiting for him! He's a nuisance, that man is!" said Mrs. Smith, emphatically. She, too, was sustaining a good deal of ornamentation in the way of clothes and millinery, and it made her look curiously old.

The discussion continued for several minutes, with the sublime indifference to the crowd on the part of the participants that I had noticed in Teddy's face. I observed, by the way, that when the talk was at its fiercest, Teddy turned away and caressed the horses. I suspected that, under his breath, he was cursing.

"Well, we might as well get up," said Mrs. Van Zandt, wearily, "instead of standing here in the street."

Lily Valentine walked back to the steps of the hotel, and Monty followed.

"I will not climb up there till we're ready to start," the actress declared. "I object to being stared at by this mob."

Then Monty made a remark that made me wish to annihilate him, though I saw that he meant to be humorous. Oh, Humor, what sins have been committed in thy name!

"It's all part of the show, Miss Valentine. It'll be a good advertisement for you."

Miss Valentine gave him a look that would have paralyzed most men. It was the first indication I had ever seen of her capacity for tragedy. Her face grew scarlet and then white around the lips. Monty merely laughed, and began to joke with Letty Henderson, who was keeping near Alice, determined to sit beside her on the coach.

Suddenly it occurred to me that there was no real difference between these women of society and Lily Valentine. At this moment they were exploiting themselves on the public thoroughfare exactly as Lily Valentine exploited herself on the stage. Their apparent unconsciousness of the crowd was like the absorption of the actress in her part—only they were artists, every one of them, including the imperturbable Teddy. They really enjoyed the gaping admiration and envy of this crowd, and they loved tearing up Fifth Avenue, their finery flying in the air, to the tooting of the horn. The same instinct for display moved them as had driven the French nobility on to the horrors of the French Revolution. Now this boy, Teddy, he was enjoying the graft his father had passed on to him through the monopoly of Standard Oil. Mrs. Van Zandt represented millions acquired by another kind of graft, the building of railroads, designed ostensibly to serve the people, but really to put an enormous tax upon the people in return for the use of a convenience. Monty was wrapped in the luxury provided by the people's patience with a tariff that so generously contributed to the maintenance of his father's industries. My train of thought was depressing and yet ridiculous withal. I felt like bursting out laughing. There must have been a funny side even to the French Revolution.

I had observed Mrs. Van Zandt and Mrs. Smith in excited talk, Mrs. Smith, as usual, laying down the law, and Mrs. Van Zandt, the ever apprehensive, casting furtive glances at Mrs. Eustace. Presently Mrs. Smith walked boldly toward Teddy. "I'm going to get up there," she said. "It's ridiculous, our waiting for that man any longer."

Teddy smiled approvingly, and muttered something that made Mrs. Smith laugh aloud. The other ladies climbed after her, Letty Henderson, to my secret amusement, keeping close to Alice. Teddy helped her with the apparently stolid indifference which marked his attitude towards the rest of the world. I began to feel an admiration for a man who could control

himself like that. In fact, I was so impressed that I began to query whether his interest in the girl could be serious, after all.

Mrs. Eustace sat in front of me, spreading out her finery till she occupied room enough for two. Her face was flushed and her eyes glistened; she kept glancing up Fifth Avenue, and then looking us over with the air of being about to say something and not daring to say it.

"Well, are you ready to go?" Teddy cried in a rough voice from the sidewalk.

"All ready!" Mrs. Smith replied, and in her voice I thought I could catch the note of defiance.

Mrs. Eustace's handsome eyes fairly bulged. In a moment, I expected to see them moisten with tears. But, instead, they became luminous. "Oh, here he is now!" she exclaimed, waving her parasol in the air. In the distance, we saw bearing down upon us a hansom-cab with the beautiful Mr. Cosgrave, in a pearl-gray suit and a large white felt hat, leaning over the low doors. As soon as he reached us, Mrs. Eustace called out severely:

"Oh, you horrid person! We were just going without you."

He smiled provokingly, turning an impersonal glance on all the ladies. "Why did n't you?" he said, ignoring Mrs. Eustace as an individual and seeming to address us as a body.

"Because we could n't bear to go without you," replied the amiable Mrs. Van Zandt.

"What was the matter with you, anyway?" Mrs. Eustace insisted. "Have you just got up? I don't believe he's had any breakfast," she added, breathlessly. "We certainly don't intend to wait for you," she threatened.

Cosgrave kept his eyes fixed on Mrs. Van Zandt, as if she had asked the question. "I could n't make up my mind whether to come or to stay at home and work," he said.

"Well, let's go on without him," Mrs. Eustace proposed, and the look in her eyes was quite painful to see. I wonder why it should always be so

distressing to observe a woman manœuvring with a man, and why it should be positively odious when the man has the advantage. Is it merely a prejudice, that, like so many other prejudices, men have fostered in order to give them even more than their natural advantage over women? Or is it a feeling that is inherent in the human race? And yet we expect the woman to be the first to attract—only she must never let us catch her doing it consciously. Whatever explanation may be true, we have certainly done our best to turn women into hypocrites, and then we call hypocrisy one of the worst of their sins.

While the colloquy with Cosgrave was continuing, I could not, to my regret, see Teddy's face. It took no great power of divination, however, to understand the young man's feelings. If he were to express his opinion of Cosgrave he would probably say that the painter gave him a pain, and at this moment, as he sat on the box, he was undoubtedly comforting himself with deep and silent reproaches. It would, I confess, have pleased me to see Teddy drive merrily away and leave Cosgrave in that hansom, but, instead, he waited stolidly for the handsome figure to step lightly from the cab, to confer with the cabby, and then, with great deliberateness, to transfer itself to the place occupied a few minutes before by Mrs. Eustace's draperies. Teddy thereupon cracked his whip, our trumpeter blew a loud blast, and as the idlers gaped we started heavily and then, with a light bound, we bowled up the smooth avenue.

All in a rush I felt a fine physical exhilaration. In the first place, it was delightfully novel to sit in that high seat and to move rhythmically through the air up the beautiful canyon of Fifth Avenue. And then—I say it without shame, for I recognize here simply a trait common to our poor human nature, a vulgar trait, it is true, but I repeat that at heart we are all vulgar—there was something entrancing in passing through millionairdom on the top of that coach surrounded by representatives of so many millions. Best

of all, it was fine sport. I envied Teddy, not because he was rich, but because his millions enabled him to be a good sportsman, and because he could drive those horses, and because he could ride to the hounds and have a racing stable, and a yacht, because, in short, being able to do as he pleased, he had sense enough to take at least a part of his pleasures wholesomely.

I think the others must have been affected somewhat as I was, for during the first few minutes they kept silent, enjoying the perfect New York autumn day. I had a feeling that even the horses, now that they had struck their gait, were having a good time, too. The well-dressed and leisurely pedestrians in the Avenue looked at us with pleased faces, as if they approved of us and appreciated the spectacle we were providing for them. Several of the smart-looking children wandering in the sunshine with their nurses crowded with delight.

With a few exceptions the finest houses along the Avenue were closed. The only signs of life they gave came from the lower regions where the caretakers lived. For more than half the year, these palaces stood untenanted. I might have been tempted to philosophize on this waste of wealth if I had not felt too happy to think seriously about anything. I even took an added pleasure in a thought that usually depressed me, of a morning that ought to be devoted to work lost out of my life!

As we skirted the Park, along the huddled magnificence of the dwellings of the newest millionaires, their beauty cramped and degraded by their lack of setting, with the great hotels and apartment houses looming from the west, I had an overpowering sense of the wonder of New York, the Mecca of the conquerors in life, the theatre in which the rich and successful contend for applause. Everything about me seemed to proclaim prosperity and power, and to deny the existence of failure and of poverty and unhappiness. It was inspiring, it was seductive, and if, in my intoxication, I remotely suspected that danger might lie there, too, I found it easy to forget.

By the time we reached the country most of the ladies had adjusted themselves to the coach and had become voluble again. Mrs. Eustace talked almost hysterically, with a great deal of laughter at her own remarks and with a feverish appreciation of Cosgrave's bored commonplaces. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Van Zandt gossiped with intense eagerness, their comments sounding like quotations from a scandalous society journal. Alice and Letty Henderson were absorbed in each other, though from the bits of their talk that reached me I found nothing of special interest. It was probably such excited enjoyment, if enjoyment it could be called, that made many women so exhausted after the mildest social experiences. I have seen Alice come home from an afternoon tea, looking and acting as if she had done the work of a day-laborer.

Teddy drove with an air of absorbed determination, the curve of his shoulders suggesting a concentration of force and surliness. Teddy had begun to assume a strong interest for me; I wished that I could know him better. But for a man like me it was hard to get near a man like Teddy. That was one of the miseries of being a literary man; it was like wearing a uniform.

As we passed through Fordham and up the beautiful thoroughfare running parallel with the Hudson, through Yonkers and Hastings and Tarrytown, the Palisades rising majestically from the opposite shore of the river, the boughs of the trees with only an occasional leaf clinging to the branches, standing distinct in the clear air, I busied myself with choosing a house for Alice and me, when our ship came in. Those occasional houses desperately clinging to the edge of the Palisades must give a view of the river reaching as far as Grant's Tomb and on clear days stretching out to include the marvellously light and graceful Brooklyn Bridge. I knew we could be very happy in one of those houses. But living there would require a horse, and a run-about for Alice, and a stable and a man. From the pursuit of these considerations I turned resolutely away.

There must be more modest places on this side of the river; but every house that attracted me seemed, as it were, to take for granted the secure possession of an income that, in my case, suggested editors and publishers scrambling over one another to secure interviews with me, and to offer me checks and innocently elaborate luncheons at the Waldorf-Astoria. It was appalling to think of the things that were taken for granted in New York! No wonder the nerve-specialists thrived there.

By the time we reached the club, our drive had given us fierce appetites. Teddy explained that he had ordered luncheon by telephone and that it would be ready as soon as we sat down. Then he announced that he proposed to give the men a drink, and Cosgrave, Monty, and I followed him to the bar. His eye fell on me as the barkeeper greeted him. "What are you going to have?" he said, and, in a whirl of mental indecision, I replied, with resolution in my voice, "Vichy."

Cosgrave and Monty took Martini cocktails and, to my astonishment, Teddy followed my example. Monty watched him with an amused eye.

"How long is it going to last?" he said, and Teddy replied, as he signed the check, "Till we get to the lunch table."

Cosgrave seemed eager to return to the porch and I followed him. Teddy and Monty lingered behind. In the absence of the ladies, we both seemed to feel that the two boys were altogether too young for our society.

"Beastly long drive," Cosgrave said, and he passed me a cigar. It looked like Holbrook's cigar and I shook my head. I congratulated myself on being in a grave and conservative mood. "Still," he resumed, "it's rather good to get into the country at this time of year. I've been shut up in my studio for weeks, working on a portrait that I can't get right. So I decided this morning to forget it."

"It's a good thing to snub your work once in a while," I said.

"Especially when it's been snubbing you," he added, briskly, as if trying to spoil the effect of my epigram, and

then, without making a change in his attitude or in the expression of his face, he suddenly lapsed from the conversation. It was as if he had turned on his heel and walked away. On an impulse, I left him and strolled to the other end of the porch. At that moment Mrs. Eustace burst out of the door, and walking straight up to Cosgrave, she said:

"You monster! why did you humiliate me before all those people?"

Of course, she had not seen me, and I did not possess sufficient nerve to indicate that I had heard the remark by shuffling my feet or making any other sound to betray my presence. I did, however, have the decency to turn my head away.

For what seemed to me an interminable time Cosgrave did not speak. I pictured him as nodding in my direction and silencing his companion. But at last he said quietly and deliberately:

"I think you must be out of your senses."

Monty then burst upon the scene, and on seeing him Mrs. Eustace walked around the corner of the porch, followed by Cosgrave. The blue eyes of the boy, usually so innocent, assumed a knowing look. As he approached me, he remarked indifferently: "I wonder what those two people are up to?"

I had a perverse feeling that I must hide from Alice what I had seen, and I tried to convince myself that I ought not to say anything about it—even to her. I tried to justify myself by the thought that I despised gossip; but my literary consciousness at once denied the flattery. I really liked it, though I considered that in my case it rather transcended mere gossip and became a study of human motives and social procedure. I have never quite dared to voice this justification to Alice, however. In the end, I decided that in this instance concealment would be taking an unfair advantage, especially as Alice never concealed anything of interest from me. Moreover, if I told her at all, I would do well to tell her at the first glance, or she would never forgive me. It was plain enough now

that her insight was going to have one of its most triumphant vindications. So, as soon as she appeared on the porch with Letty Henderson and the others, I managed to whisper to her: "I've got something to tell you."

She understood at once and she walked away from me with a nonchalance that expressed her complete approval of my behavior as a husband. Ever since the first few weeks of our marriage Alice has persistently declared that I hide things from her, and I often have to take the most subtle and elaborate precautions to head off her suspicions. Like an experienced physician, I have learned the superiority of prophylactic measures over all others.

What was said by those two people around the corner of the porch I cannot even surmise, but at the luncheon table I observed that Mrs. Eustace was much less hectic in her appearance and less excited in her talk, and that Cosgrave exerted himself to maintain his share of the conversational burden. They were both trying desperately not to appear self-conscious, and yet I felt sure that every one at the table was watching them. The luncheon proved to be one of those terrible midday meals that make human beings seem like ostriches. It was marvellous to me to see the ease with which so much food was put away. I resisted the temptation to eat much, fearing the terrible drowsiness that follows indulgence. To my astonishment, I observed that in the case of most of the others, the more they ate the more lively they became. But perhaps my combination was wrong. It was possibly not the food that stimulated.

It must have been half-past three when we finished eating. When we rose, it was as if each person were lifting three hundred pounds. We walked heavily to the porch and sank again into seats, that is, all but Mrs. Eustace and Cosgrave, who, as if by prearrangement, at once disappeared together among the trees. Their departure gave us all a feeling of consciousness which every one ignored, except the irrepressible little Monty who, raising his eyes heavenward, exclaimed:

"There are times when it is good for the sane to withdraw from life's turmoil."

"Monty, you ought to be spanked," said Mrs. Smith, for at least the fiftieth time that day.

I had succeeded in getting near Alice and I managed to say under my breath:

"Did you ever see such eating?"

"It's nothing to what goes on at women's luncheons," I heard her distinctly reply, though her lips did not move and hardly a sound was audible. In the underground-railway business Alice is certainly an expert.

Teddy, who had been sitting with outstretched legs and with a surly expression on his face, rose with a determined air. "I'm going out there and smoke under the trees," he said. "It must be as warm as toast on those dry leaves. See how the sun is pouring on them."

I had refused a cigar at table and he noticed that my hands were hanging limply at either side of my chair. Without a word he drew a cigar from his pocket and passed it to me. I cannot explain why, but I construed this simple act of politeness as an invitation to join him. While I was swiftly debating whether to accept he said lightly, "Don't you want to come along?"

Without replying, I started down the path and he followed. The ladies were looking after us, but not one of them protested against our abandoning them.

"After women eat," Teddy astonished me by saying, "they get confidential, and they don't want men around."

"How about Monty?" I asked smiling.

"Oh, he's like one of them. They don't mind him."

Again I smiled and I looked sharply at Teddy; but his face was imperturbable. He must know Monty pretty well, and his remark was strikingly at variance with the opinion I had formed of the little blond youth. Monty might look like a pretty doll; but I had a suspicion that, in spite of his curly hair and his pink cheeks, he was

rather assertively masculine. Still, as I have just remarked, Teddy ought to know. On the other hand, I have often observed that when inexpressive natures like Teddy's do become vocal, they often express exactly what they don't mean. In fact, artifice is a quality so nearly universal that no longer do I feel surprised when I discover any one as dishonest as myself. Now why did this seemingly artless young man—

But I had no time to pursue this train of thought. It was plain that Teddy expected me to give him complete attention. When he went at a thing he went at it doggedly.

"You're in the writing business, are n't you?" he said.

Whenever I am directly asked this question, I always feel ashamed. It seems like a reproach.

When I had confessed the truth, Teddy went on, "Is there much money in it?"

Now I don't think that Teddy meant to be supercilious; but when people make this inquiry they are, as a rule, at least patronizing. It was against them rather than against Teddy that I felt a fierce indignation, and that indignation supplied me with an answer.

"Well, an acquaintance of mine, a man who writes plays, makes about three thousand dollars a week."

No remark I might possibly have made could have caused Teddy deeper astonishment. "The hell he does!" he said.

I was so delighted with my success that I had to keep still for several minutes in order to enjoy the full relish. It was one of those unpremeditated remarks that, deep down in your heart, you feel you don't deserve credit for. It is as if you had been prompted.

But Teddy brought me down to his level again by this blunt question, "Do you make anything like that?"

"I regret to say that I do not," I replied, feeling very pedantic and cheap.

My words evidently gave Teddy some relief. It was plain that he had

not intended to talk with me as millionaire to millionaire. Anyway, his question about my affairs, as I now perceived, was designed as merely preliminary, to lead up to a subject of much more importance in his mind. My reply had thrown the conversation out of joint, had given to a mere detail a sensational character. It was with some difficulty that Teddy recovered from the jolt and took a new route.

"You must have married pretty young," he said.

He would have been astonished if he had known that so simple and so incontrovertible a remark had made such a hit. I at once softened towards Teddy. All ranking traces of those little references to the rewards of literature were wiped out. I suddenly became voluble. It is curious the way sympathy stimulates conversation.

"Yes, I was pretty young, as married men go nowadays. But I did n't hesitate long about making up my mind, and I've never had a regret."

"How long have you been married?" Teddy asked.

"Three years," I replied with a laugh, not allowing my enthusiasm to be damped by the suspicion of patience in Teddy's tone. "But it seems a good deal longer."

"Longer?" Teddy echoed, in surprise. He was really interested now.

"It seems as if I had always been married. I can't think of myself as not being married."

"Oh!" he said, in a disappointed way. He had plainly expected a more exciting explanation. I perceived, too, that he considered my remark sentimental, though to me it was merely the expression of the most real and practical thing in my life. Nevertheless, he pondered the matter very carefully.

"I suppose that shows you've had a pretty happy marriage."

"It has been happy," I said, with the complacency that I hate in other married men.

"That was the first thing I noticed about you," he went on, faintly smiling. "That is," he corrected, "since I found out that night at the Van Zandts' that you really were married."

"Oh, that incident!" I exclaimed, tossing back my head to show that I was making a humorous note of his reference.

"You see," Teddy went on, thrusting out his chin in a way that was expressive but far from beautiful, "I know a good many married people, and I have n't been able to see that they're very happy. But you and your wife seem to hit it off great."

"Well, you must be a mind-reader," I said. "You have n't seen so very much of us."

"Oh, but you can generally tell," he said carelessly. "There are plenty of ways." He scowled at the scenery on the opposite side of the river. "You can often feel it." He kicked out his legs in a way that suggested impatience of himself. "I suppose I have n't got my knowledge of married life in a very edifying sort of way, and perhaps it's sort of clouded my views a little. But I believe in happy marriages!" he exclaimed with his comical doggedness, as if some one had just declared such marriages impossible.

"Oh, yes," I assented, just to keep him going.

He ran his fingers into his hair, and in the fierce sunlight I noticed that his forehead was painfully creased, like a middle-aged man's. Around his eyes, too, were the premature and preliminary marks of age. He was plainly suffering, not from any profound cause, I suspected, but simply because, unused to diplomacy, he was in a situation where he felt he must try to be diplomatic. I wished I could help him to come to the point.

(To be continued)

Her Renunciation

By KATHARINE A. GRAHAM

AT twenty, Willinore, inflamed by Henry James, was writing long, introspective letters to her friends, who wrote back, demanding, after the foolish manner of friends, why she did not write for publication. At twenty-five, her mind had become tinged with theosophy, and she decided to present herself at the well of eternal truth, as a medium for reconducting some of its riches to literature. At twenty-eight, she had not yet worked out her "Karma," but she had read a very great deal, including some stories in manuscript, which no one, save herself, the young woman who charged fifteen cents a page for typewriting, and some readers for magazines, had ever seen.

She dwelt in the Far West, and these Young Lochinvars from her pen travelled back and forth across the continent many times. But they rapped in vain at the strongly barred editorial doors in the East, and returned with a strange, unwelcome companion breathing discouragement and rejection, given them by some editor's assistant.

Then Willinore would comfort herself by reflecting that Stevenson served a long apprenticeship to the waste basket, that it took Maupassant seven years to learn his art, that the creator of Sherlock Holmes, now knighted and prosperous, had a dreadful time of it at first, and various other stories of this sort that soothe an aspirant, without seeming to enforce their possible lesson concerning the need of destroying early manuscripts.

Now, these are a few of the things that Willinore did in her efforts to gain technique. She imitated Benjamin Franklin, turning prose into verse and verse into prose, until her head was as light as the classic Franklin kite. She descended deep into the Book of Job, that inexhaustible mine of figurative language, and she took a correspondence course from a university, writing

long themes for an invisible preceptor. Of course she always carried a notebook—and a fountain pen—and made copy of everything, from the chance passer-by, whom she decorated with experimental similes, to her own deepest emotions, which she transformed into choice metaphor, until her very soul seemed soaked in ink.

In time she learned to express herself with great facility, but alas! there was so little to express! Neither inward contemplation nor outward observation furnished her with a worthy plot, none of her friends appeared to her to be heroes or heroines, and life was made up of small things, whose significance she could not feel. She seemed to stand with spindle and distaff ready, in a flaxless world!

Yet she continued to write.

While Willinore was having these daily encounters with one of the most formidable members of the Difficulty family, the face of her own particular friend grew sad and wan—but she never noticed. Willinore had no time for friendship, and in manner had grown as dreamy and abstracted as a Hindu "Yogi."

But one day when one of the manuscripts came back to her, the youngest, the Benjamin, wedded to that same companion, Willinore decided to give up literary aspiration. She could no longer bear its storm and stress.

She sought her long-neglected friend and told her of her great renunciation. There came, gradually, into her manner, so much of the old-time tenderness, that all reserve between them vanished, and Willinore found herself acting as confessor, listening to a tale more sad than any she had read in books. It was that friend's own heart tragedy containing the elements that enter into them all, in varying combinations. There had been secrecy, obstacles, seeming hopelessness, and finally young Romeo, in despair at the net of circumstances drawn so close about him by

the cruel fate that always persecutes young lovers, had taken his own life. A motive for the suicide was being sought, and she whom he had loved, and who alone knew all, shrank from publicity, grieved in secret, and confided in no one. There was no one she wanted to invite into her living tomb save her friend, and that friend had seemed lost to her.

That night when Willinore reached her room and saw her desk in its new state of order, the spirit of copy had had possession of her, and she sat down and wrote rapidly and feverishly through half the night. Then she paused to read what she had written, and it seemed good, the best she had ever done. She knew that it had truth

and power, for she had just been very close to life, and had felt, as never before, its deep undercurrents—not through the smoothly flowing sentences of some unknown writer, but through the broken, sobbed-out utterances of the friend she knew and loved.

Then she sat a long time in thought and imagined that she already heard the distant trumpet note of fame, but mingled with that was another sound, a low, minor accompaniment. It was the sad voice of the friend, and the two sounds did not accord.

When she rose and softly turned out the light, her desk was in perfect order again, and in the waste basket lay the torn remains of her latest manuscript—rejected!

Certain Histories of Literature

By A. I. du P. COLEMAN

THERE are two special kinds of excellence which may be looked for in a history of literature or of a literary period; and unless one or the other is present the work will be to some extent a failure. For those whose size will permit such treatment, there is the fulness and accuracy of all the ascertained essential facts; the crisp, categorical clearness for which one goes, and seldom goes in vain, to such a work as the "Dictionary of National Biography." Or, where a whole literature must be compressed into four or five hundred pages, one may be equally thankful for an orderly and philosophical method which proceeds, by grouping and filiation, to show how the characteristic work of one century grew into that of the next. In this style a rigorous economy of all but the most significant facts is imposed on the writer; and for his purpose he will do better to omit not a few minor names, that he may have the more space to treat those which are typical, be they great or small.

To begin thus with laying down such principles as fundamental may seem to savor of arbitrary presumption. It is

really, however, the reasoned outcome of several years spent in constant use of such books both in teaching and in editorial work. To the latter, the class I named first is obviously the more useful; but for the instructor of ordinary youth the second kind, where it may be had, is a boon for which to be thankful.

I read the other day Matthew Arnold's review, on its first appearance, of Mr. Stopford Brooke's short "History of English Literature," and was pleasantly amused by the great critic's deft and kindly mingling of praise and blame—"an excellent book," he is always saying, "oh, a quite admirable book; *but* Mr. Brooke will forgive me if I point out to him that he has made a number of serious errors—none the less, I hasten to say, a really fine piece of work." Had Arnold, instead of taking the book up with him into the rarefied air of his own learned eminence, been forced, as I have lately been, to use it as a means for dragging unwilling freshmen through a jungle of tangled ignorance, he might have lost some measure of his accustomed urbanity; for the book, whatever its vir-

tues, sins grievously by its utter lack of proportion—by the way in which it grows almost garrulous on some point which has had a special appeal to the author, and then suddenly lapses into a mere catalogue of unexplained titles which the freshman contemplates with hopeless shakings of the head.

Fortunately, about the time when the sense of these things was most insistently brought home to me, Mr. William Vaughn Moody and Mr. Lovett completed and published a "History of English Literature," by administering judicious doses of which I have been able largely to counteract the stupefying effect of the Brooke. Since it was not, I think, reviewed at length in *THE CRITIC* on its appearance, one may the more cheerfully take time to commend its varied excellences—and on the same basis, not of one hasty reading, but of continued observation of its effect as applied. To begin with, it is written in admirable English, which is a more desirable qualification than even the classic postulate of obesity for the driver of fat oxen. But besides this, it has in a marked degree the merits which I began by requiring in a manual. It is not, of course, merely a college textbook—it is hardly too much to call it rather a masterly presentation of a great subject. If one were asked for help by a young man, for instance, who had been early tossed into the swift current of commercial life, and, taking breath in a chance backwater, had found time to wonder about the great names in letters which he heard more favored people speak with loving familiarity, I know no single book which I could more confidently put into his hands than Mr. Moody's.

It is pleasant to be able to give the same sort of praise, if by a shade less enthusiastic, to the new "History of American Literature" which Professor Trent has contributed to the series edited by Mr. Gosse. He himself is fully conscious of the difficulties of his subject. The question of scale is imported by the comparative brevity of the period covered (from 1607 to 1865). This justifies a minuteness of examina-

tion which an indefatigable person who should have read the entire series, one after another, would probably call disproportionate. There is also the delicacy which has impelled him to stop well short of living writers—to mention Mr. James only as the son of his father, and Mr. Howells as moving that Lowell should be appointed Minister to Austria. The limitation has its advantages, especially for the author; but others have been willing to forfeit them for the sake of completeness. Thus Mr. Julian Hawthorne made bold, several years ago, to include in his "American Literature" plenty of writers who are still living, and carried his abstract aloofness far enough to criticise himself. And Mr. Moody, for the other side of the ocean, rounds off his book into an excellent climax with the Meredith view of life and the Hardy view of life. When Dr. Trent lays down his pen after doing Webster and Wendell Phillips and Lincoln, he leaves us with as uncomfortable a sense of a sudden stop as that which the magazine editor knows so well how to produce at the end of each instalment of his serials.

But all this is a question of preliminary definition. Given the subject and its limitations, Professor Trent's treatment of it is in the main a satisfactory one. It gives the impression of being a very honest and painstaking piece of work—and one shudders to think of the amount of rudimentary colonial literature he must have had to read in order to give this impression. There can, of course, be no pleasing every one in the assignment of space and comparative importance to the authors as they pass before their historian and judge, and it would be quite useless to wrangle with Professor Trent over specific cases. One seems, however, dimly to discern the cause of any over-allowance in the very conscientiousness which is one of his best qualities: it suggests itself after a second reading of his estimates of three such different men as Jonathan Edwards, Franklin, and Poe, which it is amusing and instructive to put side by side. He bends, in a word, with such absorption over the author who for the time being is under the micro-

scope that he forgets the magnifying power of the lens. But this and other defects which one half feels at times—an occasional unsuccessful attempt at effective, epigrammatic phrase, an occasional obtrusion of something very like extra-literary religious prejudice—are no great detriment to the positive value of a book which contains so much of careful thought and honest attempt to answer just the questions which the reader of such a book would or should ask.

And so we come, with only "a little corner of a little essay" left for it, to the huge work of the veteran practitioners, Mr. Edmund Gosse and Mr. Richard Garnett, whose publication is now completed. No lightness of treatment is surely appropriate here, where the very first thing that strikes us is the appalling weight of even the single volumes. It is impossible to read them at all without the aid of a stout desk; and the binding does not seem strong enough to withstand many months of such reading. If one were at liberty to apply Ruskin's famous rule and not read them until they had been out for two years, this doubt might be confirmed or dissolved; and a more useful purpose would be served by gaining thus an adequate time for mastering their contents. It would be useless to pretend to have read every one of the sixteen hundred large pages—as it would be idle to suppose that even two such thoroughly equipped men of letters can have set down their thousands of critical expressions and their tens of thousands of facts without leaving anywhere a loophole for dissent or fault-finding.

In fact, ardent persons who can leap upon new books and devour them hot

from the press have already pointed out errors of judgment and errors of statement, some of which are undeniably to be regretted. But a survey of this sort would involve the publication of another heavy volume; and it seems better worth while to point out and describe general excellences, some of them really unique. The publishers point with an artless pride to the illustrations as a feature of supreme importance; and they are not a concession to the modern craze for pictures which has led some gloomy pessimists to forecast an ultimate return to the hieroglyphic stage, but illustrations which actually illustrate. Portraits, the greater ones superbly reproduced, title-pages of first editions, facsimiles of manuscripts (with, usefully, transliterations in an appendix), and scenes connected with the lives of authors, all by their abundance help the ordinary person to realize, more vividly than he can ever have done before, the past of our literature. If he must run and cannot read, he may gain much from these alone. But when to these is added a general critical narrative, which Mr. Garnett carries through Shakespeare and Mr. Gosse brings down to Stevenson; and to this, in smaller type, thoughtful, not perfunctory, biographies; and besides all else, characteristic extracts from each author, just long enough to give his peculiar flavor—it will be seen what wealth is here. The illustrations catch the eye first; the minor slips may be found by a careful search; but the maturity of knowledge and accomplished sureness of expression which both the authors show on every page are things for which any possessor of these volumes will find himself increasingly thankful.



German Emancipation

By EDWARD STOCKTON MEYER

THE emancipation of Germany from the petty provincialism of feudal aristocracy to the broad cosmopolitanism of social democracy was one of the greatest achievements of the past century. It must have been an absorbingly interesting task to attempt to depict this remarkable development, to follow the ideals of democracy first cherished by great individuals, then gradually but surely instilled into the life of the nation until they became, as great ideals always do, the realities of all, of even the lowliest.

The best literature of a given age is the safest index of its matter and manner, but only the best; propagandist writing is always biased and untrustworthy. The great German poets of the past century did foresee with inspired insight the social, ethical, and political conflicts to be fought out before equality, liberty, and fraternity were to be attained. With their bold songs so strong in unity of ideal they urged the nation on to united action. Their share in the final achievement of national unity, civic emancipation, and social brotherhood cannot be overestimated. But it is only the real poets of such a period who are of universal significance; mere political pamphleteers, however sincere, are of very ephemeral importance. It would be hard to imagine two more diametrically opposed conceptions than poetry and politics.

Had Professor Coar* but realized this more clearly and drawn the line of demarcation between theoretical poetry and practical politics more definitely, his book would have been shorter and better, more readable and reliable.

It is true that at the beginning of the nineteenth century there was no national character in Germany, and that the great poets, Herder, Goethe, Schiller, were cosmopolitan and the lesser luminaries, Jean Paul, Ludwig Tieck, Zacharias Werner, provincial, and that

provincialism ("familiarism," which the author wishes to be permitted to coin, is an awkward misnomer) predominated over cosmopolitanism. But it is not true that there was no national consciousness. The great national drama of the Germans, the greatest of all national dramas, "Wilhelm Tell" could never have been written as spontaneously and received as enthusiastically as it was in a land with no national consciousness. I do not believe it would be possible to find a single German who would agree that

Schiller was not a German patriot, nor was he conscious of phrasing in "Tell" a specifically German desire for national unity and national greatness.

Could a poet who was not consciously patriotic have written of the German:

To him the highest is allotted. Just as he stands in the centre of European nations, so he is the kernel of humanity. He is chosen by the world-spirit, during temporal struggles, to build the eternal structure of human culture. . . . Every people has its day of history, but the day of the German is the harvest of all time.

To cast aspersions upon the patriotism of a man who could write thus is simply sacrilegious. And how about Schiller's "Wallenstein"? Was not Wallenstein's dream of empire a longing for national unity even greater than that accomplished to-day; was it not pan-Germanic? Only the bias with which Professor Coar wrote his book can account for the fact that he sees more patriotism in the ranting radicalism of an ephemeral playwright like Zacharias Werner than in the dignified conservatism of an eternal dramatist like Schiller. How far astray this bias has led the author is well illustrated by his remark anent a very palpable piece of theatrical claptrap in Werner's "Martin Luther." When the Emperor Charles V. enters Worms to attend the diet he comes face to face with Luther. Almost hypnotized by the powerful personality of the priest, he unconsciously lets the im-

* "Studies in German Literature in the Nineteenth Century." By John Firman Coar. The Macmillan Co., 1903.

perial sceptre fall from his hand. It is, of course, very significantly picked up by the Elector of Brandenburg.—

Schiller could not have conceived this episode.

Indeed he could not! Cheap appeals to the gallery and servile adulation of potentates were unknown to the poet who gave not only Germany but the whole world that almost perfect picture not only of German but also of human emancipation, "Wilhelm Tell."

It is refreshing after this unfortunate over-estimation of a second-rate political playwright to turn to the real appreciation of a great national dramatist, Heinrich von Kleist, who had a deeper insight into the ideals of German national life than any other poet after Schiller. With sympathetic understanding, the author shows Kleist's joyous awakening from idle isolation to active consciousness of being an integral part in the national organism of the state, and the poet's end so terribly tragic, not the self-destruction, but the fearful self-deception in his great and true vision. Few readers, however, will agree that

In Katie [Kätchen von Heilbron] Kleist realized the womanly ideal of his countrymen, and they in turn have enshrined her in their hearts.

The poor little Griseldis, whom the knight drives from him like a dog, with a whip, is very certainly not the German ideal of womanhood, and the Germans in general know very little of Kleist.

The chapters showing the national awakening under the scourge of Napoleon and the consequent ever increasing consciousness of the worth of the folk and the significance of the folk-songs are the best in the book. Especially to be commended is the fine appreciation of Uhland, of whom Auerbach could write in 1863: "His life is the epitome of the spirit of freedom that has moved Germany for the last fifty years."

When Professor Coar comes to the régime Metternich he is all at sea. The prince, with his arbitrary abrogation of all rights and reforms, had little or no influence upon literature outside of

Austria, certainly none at all in North Germany upon Hölderlin and Chamisso, both of whom had practically finished their short seasons of productivity before the tyranny of Austrian absolutism. The attempt to read into Chamisso's "Peter Schlemihl" an ethical problem is, like all such reading of occult meanings into simple stories, entirely fanciful. The little sketch, written for the amusement of his friend Hitzig's children, is perfectly intelligible as the personal expression of the exiled poet's rather tragic sense of isolation.

How the author ever came to link together two such absolutely opposed personalities as the over-cultured but exotic poetaster Platen and the illiterate but indigenous poet Raimund is utterly unintelligible. August, Count of Platen-Hallermünde, the exquisite aristocrat, was as near to Prince Metternich in his views of life and art as Ferdinand Raimund, the uncouth plebeian, was removed. Platen's little talent was merely imitative, and puffed him up with colossal conceit; Raimund's great genius was entirely original, and drove him to despair. The false standard of culture and refinement that made Platen, unmade Raimund and drove him to his last desperate act.

But the man whom the régime Metternich utterly unmade was the greatest of all Austrian poets, Grillparzer, whom Lord Byron classed with the world's greatest. It is true that he was a very subjective dramatist and constantly reproduced himself, but few will agree that

We fail to recognize the necessity for the existence of this type in a society in which democracy of ideals is the living principle of progress.

And what does this mean?

Grillparzer believed in an aristocracy of ideals, to which no doubt many of our own countrymen are inclined to subscribe.

Indeed, Grillparzer believed in an aristocracy of ideals, as does every other unbiased student of literature; in the most democratic of lands there must of necessity be an intellectual aristocracy. Grillparzer was the poet of disillusion; he could not have been otherwise in a

land of disillusion. He was one of the first to realize the tragic dualism of modern life. His solution was renunciation and resignation, just as Goethe's was in youth. Had he but lived in a land where the uplift of intellectual liberty was felt, he too would have passed this stage as Goethe did, and seen that disillusion is but the necessary step from the ideals of idle youth to the realities of active manhood.

Coming down to the more modern men, we feel very grateful to Professor Coar for his interesting and incisive study of Immermann, as well as for disregarding almost *in toto* the vast output of the so-called Young Germany, who, as he rightly says of Börne, deliberately prostituted poetry to political ends.

It is a pity that the able discussion of Heine is spoiled by a gush of sophomoric language which means nothing.

What was the light Heine saw as the sun of his physical vitality approached its setting? For thirty years and more its rays had played upon the mists of his moral consciousness and irradiated his poetic visions with the uncertain sheen of a nebulous glory. Forms suddenly stand forth of gigantic stature and shrivel to commonplace at closer approach. Rosy glamour is chased by cold gray matter-of-fact. Distant harmonies fall upon the ear, then suddenly the strident dash of breakers dead ahead. But the billowing mists are all the time fading and suddenly are snatched away. The sweet light of the conquering day reveals the headlands and a sure haven. What was the conquering light? To name it is not so difficult. It was the light of democracy.

Does this give any definite idea of Heine or democracy? Unfortunately the author is often even vaguer than this. At the end of the long book, the reader asks himself in vain, What is this democracy about which there is so much talk?

We are quite at a loss to understand why almost a whole chapter should be devoted to Büchner and his drama "Dantons Tod," about as crude a piece of youthful political rant as can be imagined. Büchner himself said of it, "The police were its muses!" Equally unintelligible is the democracy of that dilettante aristocrat, Anastasius Grün (Count von Auersperg), and the high position accorded Freiligrath.

The discussion of the three really great German artists of the past century, Ludwig, Wagner, and Heibel, is good and instructive. The last part of the book in general is much better than the first. We feel very grateful for the first illuminating study in English of Spielhagen and Keller. What is said of Wildenbruch, Sudermann, and Hauptmann is very well put and to the point. Greater emphasis might have been made of the fact that Hauptmann in the heyday of his popularity was practically the mouthpiece of the social democrats. It is good to see Nietzsche given credit for his wonderful work as philosopher and poet, but the great influence of Zola, Tolstoi; and Ibsen upon German literature of to-day should have received larger discussion.

The final impression left by the book is not at all satisfactory. The political bias of it made a false perspective; second-rate playwrights assume the proportions of great dramatists, and political propaganda passes too often for inspired poetry. The style is very uneven, at times terse and illuminating, at others diffuse and obscure. To a professional student of its subject the book offers much that is interesting and instructive, but to the average layman it would be unintelligible and misleading. The work was, of course, inspired by Professor Franke's "Social Forces in German Literature." Unfortunately Professor Coar lacks Professor Franke's remarkable historical view of the whole subject of German literature and his sympathetic insight into the personalities of German poets. He should have realized this and consulted the best books upon his various subjects—Ehrhard on Grillparzer and Roustan on Lenau for example, which are not even noted in the bibliography.

The original translations are by no means happy. What would Grillparzer have said to this *précieuse* rendition of his strong, rugged lines on Italy:

Then home I'll proudly wend my way,
And fashion, serenely content,
Creations youthful as my May,
And young when your Autumn is spent.

And what could be farther from the

meaning of *die eit'len Wälschen* (vain foreigners) than "the Welshmen's power" (58), or of *treuer Knecht* (true vassal) than "faithful knight" (213)?

Without the most intimate knowledge of Germany, its language, life, and literature, such a book should never have been attempted.

Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow

DEAR BELINDA,

Newspaper controversies upon marriage arise about this time of the year because so many authors are busy at home writing books and correcting proofs. Their wives won't stand this, and they write to the papers to complain of their woes. Now if there is one thing more than another which a newspaper editor, sub-editor, or foreman printer reads with a business eye, it is the letter from the henpecked husband or the poor down-trodden female. Newspapers live upon the fact that these unhappy people air their grievances in their columns, and that fresh grievances are cropping up daily. A matrimonial war is to a newspaper a greater godsend than an European war. Apart from the fact that controversies of this kind improve the circulation of the journals which encourage them, newspaper men themselves suffer, as Mr. Crosland has so well said, from "too much wife," and a man who has been thoroughly aggravated by "a screaming cockatrice of a morning" cannot be in the best trim for a day's or a night's work. I am on Crosland's side, and do not believe in a man being abject. Let him fight. Authors may at the present time cut their hair and dress as well as solicitors, and have much more self-respect, yet they slink too much. They breathe fire abroad and strut about, yet at home their watchwords are "Blessed are the meek." "All a woman can do," I read in "The Lord of Creation," "is to make a man miserable, and bank managers can do that. If man wishes to do himself properly, he will have to cease from being abject." Let him not tremble "when the lily finger is pointed at him. Let him not melt because Julia chooses to be tearful." It

is a pitiable condition of things which Mr. Crosland remarks upon, where Mrs. Barton Timkins, being asked if there are any good husbands, forthwith leads forth Barton Timkins on the chain, a bit pink about the eyes. Barton Timkins never goes to his club because his wife will not allow it, and he loves his own fireside because his wife says he does. To the question, Are the Barton Timkins happy, I agree with the author of "The Lord of Creation" when he says that Mrs. Barton Timkins is happy and Barton only thinks he is. Really and truly Barton is a very bad husband, and with no more soul than a cup of tea. "There are better husbands at the waxworks." Husbands should dare to be Daniels. Let them try staying out to supper without sending a soothing or evasive telegram. Let them disregard the voice of the cuckoo clock at 2 A.M. "Let them rejoice and be glad," and not frown or grumble privily in odd corners.

The publishers' offices are busy. We have it on Mr. Crosland's authority that the publishers of London are a fine body of men. In this respect, indeed, they rival the City police. It is said that few publishers make money out of living authors. Living authors are hungry, and sometimes even greedy. They have large families, and large families want shoe leather. If the publishers count their books thirteen to the dozen, the author wants his return thirteen sovereigns to the dozen. With a modicum of truth, which makes the witticism pass, publishers sustain their studs of motor-cars and their porphyry palaces by the profits out of cheap editions of "Omar Khayyam." When a publisher says that the number of copies of a book he has issued, if placed end on end, would make a ladder

up to heaven, you may believe him if you like. It is doubtful if the profits placed end on end would, in base metal, cover his writing-table. Mr. Crosland being himself, I understand, connected with a large publishing concern, places publishing among the learned professions. He places it with the Church and with Horse Doctoring, though verily the profession of Veterinary Surgeon is above that of literature—at any rate, in the palaces of the great. But publishers, says Crosland or "The Lord of Creation" (which is one and the same thing), are a very unlovely lot, and authors do not like them. They are not liked because they have not a money-lending department attached to the premises. "Fewer still are generous in the matter of old boots and cast-off clothing." "Publishers are not loved because they will not allow you £200 a year in order that you may finish your work on 'Prehistoric Ink-horns.'" Young and ambitious authors wishing to see the publisher as hero make the great mistake of calling at their advertised addresses. If, says "The Lord of Creation," you wish to see the publishing strength of Great Britain and Ireland in its bloom you should go to the Carlton or Prince's. At the present time I doubt whether publishers dine at all. They are too busy. Look at the list of "Forthcoming Books" which Messrs. Hatchard are sending out—a really promising lot. There is the Duchess of Sutherland's book, "Wayfarer's Love," with contributions by the clever Duchess herself, the Queen of Roumania, Lady Lindsay, and heaps of others. Lady Londonderry, who has a better understanding of the inner life of politics than any other great hostess of to-day, is bringing out a short life of Lord Castlereagh. Mr. Owen Seaman, who stands alone as a parodist, promises "A Harvest of Chaff," the only harvest of chaff for which we may be sure every one will hold his own private thanksgiving service. Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler has cleverly enrolled her husband as amanuensis, and given him a place of honor beside her on her title-page. Stephen Phillips, like many an-

other, has been attracted by the "Sin of David," and has made a drama out of it.

The most amusing book of the moment is "Reginald," by Saki. We already know Saki in the pages of the *Westminster Gazette*, and some know "Reginald" even better. Reginald, in his wildest lapses into veracity, never admitted to being more than twenty-two, and it was one of his cherished maxims that to have reached thirty was to have failed in life. Reginald opened conversational fire with "What did the Caspian Sea?" while his face sometimes bore that far-away look that a volcano might wear just after it had desolated entire villages. Reginald had rather nice eyelashes, and thought it useless to conceal the fact. The vicar had a daughter, who undertook the reformation of Reginald, or, at any rate, she began to talk to him of religion, which is always the straight and direct road to what passes for platonic friendship. She was gifted, in that she read Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee," and she abstained from tennis. She had been twice to Fécamp to pick up "a good French accent from the Americans staying there." When Amabel and Reginald discussed the interesting question as to whether a good life was compatible with good looks, the latter expressed the belief that "beauty is only skin deep." After this Amabel threw up the sponge, and produced the strawberries and cream at, no doubt, what was the right psychological moment. Reginald is much at home in the country, though he finds that the subjects of conversation are limited. "There are two subjects of conversation in the country: Servants, and Can fowls be made to pay?" The first is compulsory and the second optional. As to country-house parties, the trouble is "one never really knows one's hosts and hostesses." It is much easier to get to know their fox-terriers and their chrysanthemums. One of the worst types of women at country houses is the one who fires "Exchange and Mart" questions at you without the least provocation—she wants to know "how many fowls she can keep in a run

ten feet by six." There is also the girl who reads Meredith, and appears in a frock made at home and repented at leisure. When Reginald was staying with his friends the Nicorax's in the country, a mouse used to cake-walk about his room half the night, and as it did n't take a fancy to a patent trap as a bijou residence Reginald appealed to its better (or inner) side. He called the mouse Percy, and gave it little delicacies. The result is that there is now a whole colony of mice in that room. Reginald met a Major Somebody who had shot things in Lapland, and who was always giving details of what they measured from tip to tip, "as though he thought we were going to make them warm underthings for the winter."

Reginald thought of writing a play, which was to make those who saw it go back to their homes "with a vague feeling of dissatisfaction with their lives and surroundings." "They will put up new wall-papers and forget." Those who had oak panelling could put down new stair-carpet instead. The play was to open with "wolves worrying some one on a lonely waste." "Wolves in the first act by Jamrach," when old Lady Wortleberry would scream. Lady Wortleberry had been very nervous since she lost her husband. He died quite abruptly while watching a county cricket match. The shock was very great, because it was "the first husband she'd lost, you know." When the characters in Reginald's play could think of nothing brilliant to say about marriage or the War Office, "they could open a window and listen to the howling of the wolves."

Besides being a dramatist, Reginald had hopes of becoming a poet. Finding that the chief proverbial qualification, according to copybooks, is that a poet must be born, he hunted up his birth-certificate, and found himself all right on that score. As soon as his friends heard of his starting as a poet, a duchess asked him to write something in her album, "something Persian, you know, and just a little bit decadent." Reginald could just then think of nothing decadent but an unwholesome egg which he had just eaten, so he wrote:

Cackle, cackle, little hen,
How I wonder if and when
Once you laid the egg that I
Met, alas! too late. Amen.

Reginald's higher flight included a Peace poem, which commenced:

Mother, may I go and maffick,
Tear around and hinder traffic?

Reginald had a friend who loved cats. She had a lady kitten at home, and told Reginald she called it "Derry."

"Suggests nothing to my imagination but protracted sieges and religious animosities. Of course, I don't know your kitten——"

"Oh, you're silly. It's a sweet name, and it answers to it—when it wants to. Then, if there are any unseemly noises in the night, they can be explained succinctly: Derry and Toms."

Your friend,
ARTHUR PENDENYS.

LONDON, October, 1904.

The Editor's Clearing-House

Recommending One's Own Work

We hold that it is no less modest to call favorable attention to the products of our pen than to the products of our saw and plane. It requires the same genius to construct a good house that it does to compose a good paragraph of prose or to indite a fine stanza of poetry. Where is the architect who declines to advertise his skill in planning and erecting elegant buildings? Or where is the mechanic who refuses to assert that he can construct as good a vehicle as any other fellow mechanic?

The writer, then, who candidly declares to the public that he has written a good book, is no more egotistical than the carpenter who claims that he has made a good plough. And if they both assert, conscientiously, that their products are as good as those of other workmen, they do no wrong. Surely no one should know so much about an article as he who made it. Of course, an author may be mistaken in his opinion of his own writings; but may he not be equally mistaken in his judgment of the writings of others?

The publisher does not hesitate to recommend his own printing and binding of books, nor is he ever censured for his egotism. Why, then, should not the author be allowed to recommend the merit of his manuscript so substantially and beautifully bound by the publisher? Has the outside of a book more privileges than the inside?

Custom is entirely too conservative and unprogressive; so much so as to become tyrannical. Let us break away from the rigid rules of this oppressor, and adapt ourselves to the legitimate changes of a more liberal policy.

A new and inspiring idea occurs to a writer. He welcomes it to his thoughts, meditates upon it, and when it has thoroughly saturated his mind and excited his ambition, he seizes his pen to give it expression upon paper. And if he is a conscientious writer, he will do his utmost to put it into the best literary form possible. After much labor and time spent in composing, writing, correcting, and rewriting the article, he proceeds to seek an opportunity to place it before the public in print. But what is his motive in doing all this? It is two-fold. First, to satisfy a laudable ambition in himself as an author and to receive remuneration for his pains. Second to furnish something for the public

to read, which he believes will both please and benefit. Now, is there anything vain or egotistical in candidly claiming that what he has written is sufficient to fulfil both these motives? We think not.

Head-work should be left as free to recommend its merits as hand-work. The source of each is a heavenly endowment.

ROBERT THOMSON BENTLEY.

What Is Worth While?

If there is one topic upon which all possibility of ignorance on the part of the reader is precluded by the assiduous care of the writer in expounding it to him, it is that of the tremendous difficulties attendant upon the profession of authorship. About the first duty that an author feels called upon to discharge after his "arrival" is to send back the warning cry "Don't" in order to save any possible victims from the perilous path he has just travelled and from which he has miraculously escaped with his life. Indeed he does not always wait to "arrive," but often stops by the way to wigwag back to his misguided brothers the tidings of Scylla and of Charybdis who meet the author on every hand, hoping thus to spare them the shipwreck of which he finds himself in imminent danger.

And this is not the worst. Not only does it appear that the way is all too long and dark and rough and full of pitfalls, but that the goal itself is a delusion and a snare—not worth the struggle. Louise Alcott is said once to have advised a young man not to devote himself to authorship if he could do anything else, even if it were to break stone. If the young man appealed to any stone-breaker for confirmation of this advice, the answer is not recorded, which is a pity. And just here is suggested a possible explanation of the excess of evidence against authorship over and above that of any other vocation. It would probably not occur to a stone-breaker to set forth his theory of the conduct of life or the choice of an occupation for the benefit of the public, and even so, it would not be likely to find its way into print. Indeed, authorship is the *only* profession that has any chance of a hearing in the rehearsal of its grievances. People no longer learn by experience as they did in the days before reading became a universal accomplishment. We have become so deeply rooted in the habit

of acquiring knowledge through books that we are not disposed to accept information from any other source as authentic; so that although we occasionally hear a teacher, a clerk, a hotel-keeper or a type-writer declare that the trials of his business exceed those of any other, we do not take the matter as seriously as we do testimony which we find in print. The author declares to the reader that everything is easier than writing, and there is none to gainsay it. Perhaps it is just as well. If every trade could reach the reader with its peculiar hardships, it might make pessimists of us all. At all events, it would certainly detract seriously from the pleasures of the occupation of reading and would give the reader provocation for a lamentation of his own.

A writer's personal experience with publishers and the public is more or less interesting according to his skill in narration, but so far as the accomplishment of his purpose is concerned, he seems to have very little success. Would-be writers do not heed his warnings, and in spite of the advice given to them over and over to stay at home and saw wood or break stone or be wives and mothers, they rush blindly on to their doom and never discover their error until it is too late to save themselves and they can do nothing but cry "breakers ahead!" to keep anybody else from putting out on the treacherous sea of authorship.

One thing suggests itself to the reader which his "forlorn and shipwrecked brother," the author, might do for the benefit of everybody concerned. He might interview some representative followers of all other professions and trades with a view of ascertaining what occupation he should have chosen, what goal is reached by the most royal road. It might furnish him with a subject for a modern variety of the old allegory of Jupiter's proclamation to the world inviting everybody to unburden himself of his particular grievance. In any case, he would be prepared to instruct the would-be author what he ought to do, which would be more to the purpose than the negative advice "Do anything, but don't write." And besides, it would be a boon to the reader who finds occupation enough in his reading to know what in the busy world he reads about is really worth while.

HORTENSE FOGLESONG.

Scenery and Success

There has been considerable discussion of late in regard to "hard times" at the theatres.

Each manager, while vehemently asserting the success of all his own productions, acknowledges that there have been many failures and that "times are hard"; while the public, through the medium of "letters to the Editor" puts all the blame on the advance in prices, and with considerable justice, too.

I have in my possession a small paper book, a copy of a short-lived monthly, published a few years ago and giving the casts of the plays which were then at the different theatres, with diagrams and prices. On referring to this, one finds that in those days it was possible to get a seat in the front rows of the family circle at the first-class theatres, such as the Empire and Broadway, for fifty cents; the present price of the same seat is seventy-five cents, an advance of fifty per cent; at two houses it is a dollar. The price of orchestra chairs ranged from a dollar and a half to two dollars; for one dollar a seat could be had in the fifth or sixth row of the first balcony; the same seat to-day is a dollar and a half. "Oh," the managers say "our expenses are so much heavier!" Quite true; but why put nearly all the burden of the additional expense on those least able to bear it?—omitting the fact that the best of the so-called "cheap seats" are pretty generally sold to the speculators, who charge an advance of from fifty to seventy-five per cent. and sometimes more.

These facts deter many persons from seeing plays which they would like to see, but do not very greatly care about; they would pay one dollar cheerfully, but they hesitate at a dollar and a half or two dollars; which explains why the first balcony is so often half empty. "But," say the managers, "Look at our beautiful new theatres, with their frescoes and pictures and bas-reliefs and so on!" Strange as it may seem to the managers, people go to the theatre to see the play, and beyond a cursory glance or two pay no attention to the decorations. If the seats are comfortable, the house decently ventilated, and the colors not offensive to the eye, who cares a fig for the frescoes in the lobby? Many of the successful plays of the past winter were presented in the old houses, and the most magnificent of the new theatres, about whose decorations, etc., the papers printed columns, opened with a superbly staged failure.

Neither a handsome theatre nor fine scenery will cover a poor play or bad acting. The limit of gorgeousness seems to have been reached in some recent productions; for

several years now managers have been striving to find out how much money it is possible to spend on scenery, costumes, and electric lighting, and for a time the public was astonished and interested by cloth-of-gold-clad chorus girls and wonderful scenic effects, but it is well-nigh impossible to surprise it any longer. How many of the recent successful plays owed their success to their scenery? Take a few as samples: "Old Heidelberg," "Her Own Way," "Raffles," "The Admirable Crichton." In each case success was the just reward of a good play well acted. It is quite true that all these plays were well mounted; in "Old Heidelberg" the student scenes, full of life and color, were charming, but they simply formed an artistic background for the fine acting of Richard Mansfield.

I would not be misunderstood; plays must be staged well enough to preserve the illusion. If the drawing-room of the Earl of Loam, for example, were furnished like the blue-plush-suite-on-the-installment-plan-God-Bless-Our-Home parlor of a cheap boarding house, the result would be . . . !! We do not want a torn backdrop through which the flies are plainly visible, and supposedly heavy doors which sway at the slightest touch, such as Duse gave us in "Francesca da Rimini." Historical plays, indeed, often absolutely demand fine staging; but that is not enough. Even combined with good acting it could not save "Dante"; and here

again the price question enters. It was one thing, the public evidently considered, to pay three dollars for Irving and Ellen Terry in Shakespeare; quite another to pay three dollars for Irving in Sardou, fine actor though he be. And yet historical plays correctly staged possess a value apart from their dramatic quality; they bring the past before us far more clearly than the printed page can ever do, and when a fine play, scholarly staging, and magnificent acting are united as they were for instance, in Mansfield's production of "Henry Fifth" the public ought to be, and usually is grateful.

There are times, however, when too elaborate scenery and costumes are an absolute detriment. Actors of sufficiently authoritative presence to dominate a superb spectacle are, and always will be, few, and when the hero's robes eclipse the hero, the results are disastrous. Of those productions which are frankly spectacles and nothing else, little can be said. They are not plays, but shows. Even in them, music and clever comedians are important factors and daily becoming more so, as tights and stereopticon views grow to be old stories; the days of the "spectacle" are, let us hope, numbered.

"The play's the thing" now, as in Hamlet's day, and upon the play and the players must the managers rely to help them out of the "hard times" which over-expensive productions and high prices have brought upon them.

LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD.

Books Reviewed—Fact and Fiction

The influence and the effect of Dante's "Divine Comedy" upon subsequent literature *

Dante and the English Poets, may be considered in two ways: the spirit, and the form. It is not so difficult a task, though by no means absolutely facile, to collate the verses of Dante with those of English poets, and then by biographical and other testimony to pronounce upon loans and parallels of poetic words and phrases. In the main, this is the kind of work Professor Kuhns has set himself to accomplish in this readable volume of his. Yet even in this simpler task there remains ample room for controversy. Turning next to the effect upon subsequent literature of the general idea of the "Divine

Comedy" we reach a still more debatable ground. Stories of descents into hell are the mythic heritage of almost every race.

Taking it into serious consideration, there is no article of the Apostle's Creed of larger social, ethical, and spiritual connotation than that which says, "He descended into hell." Yet all this matter of descents into hell can have no place in a quest for the influence of the idea of Dante, because all these legends belong to the common stock of the religious speculations of humanity. Nevertheless there is something peculiar to Dante in his use of the universal fancy.

From several places, notably the nineteenth Canto of the "Inferno," it is seen that Dante thought of hell being in the world that is seen at the same time as in the invisible

* "Dante and the English Poets from Chaucer to Tennyson." By OSCAR KUHN. Holt. \$1.50.

world. Italy was hell. Now take thence one instance of the deeper influence of Dante, the influence, not of a felicitous phrase or of a vivid word or simile, but of an important thought. The chief *motif* of the "Divine Comedy" is that a woman, Beatrice, idealized, spiritualized, and sublimated, made the symbol of theology and of a love next to the divine, draws her devoted lover through all the regions of hell and purgatory up to the very presence of God. Now if this is not identical with Goethe's *motif* in his "Faust," when at the close of that great drama the chorus mysticus sings, "*Das Ewig-Weibliche*," we must be stone blind. "*Zieht uns hinauf*." But Goethe, it is true, was not an English poet. At any rate Browning was, and his characterization of Sordello was drawn from the "Purgatorio" of Dante, with some hints from Shakespeare's "Hamlet." Chaucer was not much moulded in temper or idea by Dante, but borrowed stories and incidents from the Italian—for Chaucer belonged rather to the time and type of mind of Brunetto Latini—Dante's early teacher. Milton borrowed from Dante much in the way of literary form, and, besides all this, was of a temper like Dante's, or else was influenced by the austerity and gloom of the exile from Florence.

Newman's "Dream of Gerontius." Morris's "Epic of Hades," "The Houseboat on the Styx," and like compositions of to-day were no doubt suggested by ancient narratives of descents into hell, and Dante's among the rest. The diction of the poet Shelley, as Prof. Kuhns demonstrates, was extensively indebted to the writings of Dante. Dante Rossetti bears the mental impress of the "Vita Nuova" and the "Paradiso" of Dante. William Blake, with his vague, formless monsters, with his lurid lights from Baphometric gorges and pits of infernal fires, is the most like Dante's imagination of any in our own men.

With Jesus the Christ, his master, Dante saw the identity of the natural and the supernatural. Robert Browning at times seems to have attained to this fact. These deeper undercurrents of moral power and of spiritual apprehension are the more important of the influences of Dante upon poet-souls of later dates, and in England, America, and elsewhere. Not alone by some substantive precise and picturesque, nor by circulating coin of an elegant trope, is the influence of the great Italian poet to be traced, but by formative forces flowing beneath the surface of the literature and life of six centuries that have gone on spiritualizing and importing dignity

and moral earnestness into the poetry of western civilization.

CHARLES JAMES WOOD.

No surprises are in store for the reader of this book.* Kipling—so recently the young newcomer—is here the same old *The Same Old Kipling*. Kipling we seem to have had always with us; the same coarse-grained, delicate, swaggering, subtle, superficial, poetic, and profound yarn-spinner and song-singer that came out of the east and laid his spell upon the western world almost in his teens; a bundle of contradictions that would be complete if only weakness were one of them; sometimes merely a writer of extraordinary talents, but ever and anon showing himself unmistakably a man of genius, seeing, hearing, and feeling with an intensity known to one in a million only,—hearing (as Emerson said of Thoreau) as with an ear-trumpet and seeing as with a telescope; and, we might add, remembering as a photographic film or phonograph remembers. The divine spark is visible less often and less vividly in "Traffics and Discoveries" than in some of the earlier collections of short stories, than in the "Jungle Books," than in "Kim"; but there is no mistaking its nature when its presence is revealed.

It is not without a strong disposition to skip (though not with delight!) that we read the tales in which "I" am a more or less inactive auditor, while most of the speech and action fall to the lot of Emanuel Pyecroft, second-class petty officer, an ingenious and loquacious fellow, who knows a lot about steam-engines, electric apparatus, etc., and is an up-to-date but not wholly satisfactory nautical substitute for "Soldiers Three." We bow to Mr. Pyecroft's intimate knowledge of machinery, and marvel at his French and Latin tags; but for the life of us we cannot bring ourselves to love him as his creator evidently does. In any one's hands but Mr. Kipling's he would be a bore; and if one finds it hard to follow his Gatling-gun discharge of mechanical technicalities, it is comforting to know that one of the quickest and keenest wits in England confessed to the writer of these lines that he found the author's literary style in these stories cryptic, to say the least. More readily intelligible are the tales in which the recent struggle for supremacy in South Africa is pictured from widely divergent

* "Traffics and Discoveries." By RUDYARD KIPLING. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50. Published Simultaneously by Charles Scribner's Sons in The Outward Bound Edition. \$2.00.

points of view—that of the conventional Tommy Atkins, that of an ardently loyal sepoy who manages to get from India to the Transvaal in time to see what is going on there, and that of a Yankee inventor who sells to the Boers a gun the English have refused to buy, and follows it about to study its merits and defects in action. Nor is there anything cryptic about the account of the introduction of electric power and light on the author's isolated Sussex farm, as it presents itself to the millwheel that generates the power, the waters that set the wheel in motion, and the gray cat and black rat that dwell in amity in the many-centuried mill. Other than English readers may find themselves greatly interested in the fable called "The Army of a Dream," wherein Mr. Kipling rides his hobby of a citizen soldiery embracing potentially the entire male population of the British Islands. But those who love the peaceful rather than the strenuous life—at least in literature—will find their account in the tender, fanciful, bewitching pages of "They," wherein we have full assurance that Kipling the genius is still to be reckoned with.

J. B. G.

If ever there were an uncultivable spot outside the Arctic Circle, it is the coast of Labrador. Yet for literary purposes, the author of this story * has found its soil deep and rich enough to repay laborious and loving tillage. In Dr. Luke, the shipwrecked man of science who seeks to expiate some real or fancied crime by casting in his lot with the humble folk who so sorely need such services as he can render,—in the simple-minded, brave but bumptious lad Davy Roth, and his winsome sister Bessie, whose presence reconciles the young physician to the barrenness of his surroundings,—in Skipper Tommy Lovejoy,

The Labrador
Rustic at Last
in Fiction.

who can never say No to man or woman, and his importunate innamorata, the Woman from Wolf Cove,—in Davy's saintly mother, and Jagger the burly villain,—in each and all of these characters, as in others beside, Mr. Duncan has given us, not new types, perhaps, but old types in a refreshingly novel setting, incidentally disclosing his mastery of the secret springs of laughter and of tears. His book is wholesome and breezy, full of the tang of the sea, and the wonder of sub-Arctic skies in calm and stormy weather; and some

readers will esteem it above all because every page of it is pervaded by a strong moral sense.

Not only is there a main thread of narrative, but almost every chapter is in itself a good short story; and several have appeared as such in leading magazines, Mr. Duncan's reputation being based on his work in this genre. The charm of the book lies rather in the beauty of its treatment of a series of related episodes, than in the skill with which a very simple plot is unravelled. It is the production of a literary artist whose touch is as light as it is sure, and whose future eminence depends only on his ability to turn out further stories, not of better, but of as good a quality as this. If we had to compare him with an author whose name is universally known, we should call him next of kin to Mr. Barrie,—and the creator of Sentimental Tommy would not resent the comparison.

Henceforth the fisher folk of Mr. Duncan's Labrador will rank in popular favor with those of Loti's Iceland. Now that he has turned upon their lives the searchlight of his creative imagination, they are become as real and as close to us as the New England spinsters of Miss Wilkins and Miss Jewett, as David Harum and Eben Holden, as Colonel Carter, Mrs. Wiggs, and Old Gorgon Graham; and quite as humorous and pathetic as any of these familiar American figures. Unless we mistake, there will soon be an abundant literature relating to the bleak, inhospitable shores of Newfoundland's dependency, most of it at second-hand, and a large part of it parasitical of the novel before us. The inheritors of Mr. Hutton's topographical mantle will find it worth their while, some day, to compile a "Literary Landmarks of Labrador," exactly locating the habitations and natural features described in the present work and others ancillary to it; and Cook's or Raymond's tourists will throng the Isle of Good Promise as it was thronged after the wreck of the *St. Lawrence* by "folk who babbled on the roads, and came prying into the 'stages' with tiresome exclamations of 'Really!' and 'How interesting!'" And then the fishermen and their wives will either thank Mr. Duncan for bringing them this means of seeing something of the great world at second-hand, or else will turn and rend him for invading the fog-bound privacy of their firesides. The chances are that they will seize the latter horn of the dilemma, despite the fact that he handles them throughout as if he loved them.

J. B. G.

* "Dr. Luke of The Labrador." By NORMAN DUNCAN. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.50.

The Book-Buyer's Guide

ART

Addison—Classic Myths in Art. An account of Greek Myths as illustrated by Great Artists, by Julia de Wolf Addison. \$2.00 net.

The work is a weak attempt to show the influence of classic myths on Renaissance painting. In it, the thirty-nine half-tone illustrations are infinitely more interesting than the text, for, outside the range of the Boston Museum, the author obviously loses intimate knowledge of the "Art." However, the volume, if it accomplishes nothing more, draws attention to "The Renaissance in Italy," by John Addington Symonds, which is used as reference at every turn. Indeed the text is distinctly a compilation of the remarks of other writers utterly devoid of personality on the part of the author.

Ford—Pictures by George Frederick Watts. With Introduction, and Selections by Julia Ellsworth Ford and Thomas W. Lamont. Illustrated. Fox, Duffield & Co. \$5.00.

An unsatisfactory volume containing twelve platinum prints, and eleven half-tone reproductions of the most famous paintings of George Frederick Watts, compiled with extracts from classic English Prose and Verse, and prefaced by an appreciation and biography. The illustrations are too few and indecisive, the platinum prints being only fair and the half-tones distinctly weak. To the writer "Watts is not simply a painter; he is a teacher—a prophet, if you like—one of far-sighted vision, and without dogma or creed." He also resembles Walt Whitman in that he has broken away from modern conventionalism, and holds to the same symbolism "That love . . . leads to the highest life." As a portrait painter Watts shows "the entire man . . . this thing has never been given in art since the great Venetian painter of the Sixteenth Century, since Rembrandt painted in the Seventeenth." Upon such a basis it is difficult to obtain any concrete criticism or description of his work.

Gronau—Titian. By Georg Gronau. Illustrated. Quikworth & Co., London; imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00 net.

A modest, though satisfactory biography of Titian, illustrated by fifty-four half-tone reproductions of his paintings. In the preface the author admits that his historical work has largely followed the two volumes of Crowe and Cavalcaselle, though his criticisms are his own. The characteristics of the periods of Titian's artistic career are accurately brought out. His work in Venice and under Giorgions, with their effect upon his color, his fantastic portraits of women and his altar pictures are treated as wholes, as are his relations to his patrons. Chapters on his

private life and technique afford especial interest. The criticisms are sympathetic, and the illustrations while unassuming revive a memory of the works referred to in the text. The book will not appeal to art critics as much as it will afford charming reading to those who are interested in the work of the master desire a general knowledge of his life.

FICTION

Boyce—The Folly of Others. By Neith Boyce. Fox, Duffield & Co. \$1.25.

Mrs. Hapgood has written nine short stories illustrating Pliny's dictum, "The best plan is, as the common proverb has it, to profit by the folly of others"; and they are of quite remarkable individuality and versatility. There are problems in some cases, but not morbidly presented. "The Sands of the Green River," one of the best, is a study in revenge; "A Provident Woman" describes the marriage of a New Jersey typewriter to her rich employer, with whom she was probably as happy as she would have been with the young, sentimental lover whom she refused. They are all well worth reading.

Brown—High Noon. By Alice Brown. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

The fresh wind of heaven does not sweep through the pages of Miss Brown's latest book of short stories. Twelve psychological moments are described, but they are problems rather morbidly set forth, concerning sex, death, immortality, and the spiritual life. One treats of two men and a woman; five, of a man and a man; three, of two women and a man; and one, of two women. The general atmosphere is of analysis and speculation, especially on the part of nervous, introspective, supersensitive women who try to discover how many devils the point of a needle will hold.

This is not to say that the stories are not exceedingly well-written and true to nature; but it is an unwholesome nature when pushed too far, and there is not relief enough of varying types. Miss Brown appears to have moved away from "King's End."

Carryl—The Transgression of Andrew Vane. By Guy Wetmore Carryl. Holt. \$1.50.

After reading this book, one cannot but feel that Mr. Carryl was taken away at the beginning of a career. Parisian life and the temptations towards callousness, if not immorality, which beset young Americans, are put into as bold relief as pen pictures can make. Andrew Vane is a type, and admirably drawn. His Parisian-American hostess, Mrs. Carryl, an unspoiled woman of the world, is also a type; and her *protégée*, Margery Palfy, a wholesome young American girl, with impossible parents. The book is one of the notable contributions to this season's fiction. Its rather too clever cleverness at first becomes less obvious, until it reaches

a high point in the letter of young Vane's grandfather, who writes to him:

"Among the commonest formulas of parental advice is that which exhorts a young man never to do or say anything which a mother or sister could not hear: and this deserves, to my way of thinking, just about the amount of attention which it ordinarily receives. I know the type of men whom you have always chosen, and, in all likelihood, always will choose, as a friend: and if you will avoid doing anything which you would be ashamed to tell that kind of man, I shall be satisfied."

The plot is ingenious, based as it is upon the story of Andrew's birth. The text shows many evidences of careless proof-reading.

Deeping—Love Among the Ruins. By Warwick Deeping. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

The sort of novel that invites comparison, though to its own disadvantage, with the work of Maurice Hewlett. Mr. Deeping's lavish splashes of mediæval color are brilliant and effective, and his work is in many respects unusually competent; but it lacks precisely that adroit and subtle artistry by which Mr. Hewlett triumphs. The chief blemish of the book is the cloying luxuriance of its rhetoric. It is a good deal of a tax upon the mental digestion to read chapter after chapter strung together of such sentences as: "Her red heart quaked for him like the shivering petals of an autumn rose."

Dillon—A Rose of Old St. Louis. By Mary Dillon. Century Co. \$1.50.

A romance of the period of the Louisiana Purchase, rather better than most of its kind. The plot does not drag, and there is abundant variety of action. But the characters have little vitality and the narrative is sentimentally told. So far as the foundation of the story is concerned, the author claims to have taken no liberties with history; and the recall of these famous scenes and characters on the occasion of the St. Louis Exposition is obviously of special timeliness.

Freeman—The Givers. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. Harper. \$1.50.

Evidences of Miss Wilkins's genius are somewhat unevenly distributed through this new volume, which happens largely to be made up of Christmas stories. Indeed, in several of the stories the touch of inspiration, except in details, seems missing altogether. However, nobody could mistake the authorship of the first story, "The Givers," a genuinely characteristic comedy with a common-sense moral, and all Miss Wilkins's wistful, imaginative penetration is shown in such a story as "The Last Gift,"—the tragedy of a man with an insatiate passion for generosity. In dignity of subject, perhaps, this story is matched, in this volume, only by "The Butterfly," another admirable study of a lonely man. "The Reign of the Doll" is an excellent example of a type of story perhaps

less appreciated now because of having become so familiar. There are no indications, even yet, that Miss Wilkins's "vein" is not one of permanent richness. "The Givers" happens merely to be one of the volumes that does not show her at her admirable best.

Garland—The Light of the Star. By Hamlin Garland. Harper. \$1.50.

It is a good many years since Mr. Hamlin Garland was accepted as a voice of the West; and all that he has had to say about his own section of the country has been received with flattering attention. But unfortunately there is no law prescribing that an author shall keep within his own territory, and Mr. Garland can scarcely have been aware of the extent of his own unwisdom in choosing to write a novel upon stage life in New York. The result has been none the less disastrous, and it is impossible not to speculate upon the reception of this new novel had it been the work of an unknown writer. It is inexplicable that a man of Mr. Garland's experience and reputation can seriously have offered a group of characters as utterly deficient as these in psychology. The "star" actress and the dramatist are nothing short of incomprehensible. However, it is not his characters which appear chiefly to have engaged Mr. Garland's interest. His aim seems to have been to prove through the easy medium of fiction that managers could more profitably produce strictly "moral" plays than those now in favor. It may be possible to write a good novel on this theme, but Mr. Garland has not done it. Moreover, the reader is irritatedly conscious on every page that the book was written in a hurry. The slovenliness and commonplaceness of the style are not atoned for by the abundant moral reflections. The sense of humor which Mr. Garland so conspicuously lacks would avert the repetition of these sentimental banalities.

Hewlett—The Queen's Quair. By Maurice Hewlett. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

Whether or no Mary Stuart murdered Darnley Mr. Hewlett does not say. He does give a striking portrait of the Queen; her temperament, environment, and the men among whom she was thrown are brilliantly depicted, and from them he leaves us to form our own conclusions as to her guilt or innocence. Historical fact is closely adhered to, and as a romance, it is one of the best that we have had for a long while. Mr. Hewlett is strong without being rank, and his historical muse never becomes hysterical.

Hichens—The Woman with the Fan. By Robert Hichens. Stokes. \$1.50.

The eternally interesting Mr. Hichens has laid the scenes of his last novel in his favorite haunts, the purlieus of Curzon and Bond streets. It is another exposé of London fashionable society, the centre of which is Lady Holme, the woman with the fan. Her rival, Pimpernel Schley (!), a vulgar American

music-hall singer, gets into "the best society" by hook or crook, on account of her demure baby ways, and imitates Lady Holme. The book is full of smart sayings, clever impersonations, and amusingly accurate epithets, *e. g.*, "An expression of lemon-coloured amazement appeared upon Sir Donald's face," "Her voice was not a lady's voice. It sounded like the frontispiece of a summer number become articulate."

But one wishes that Mr. Hichens would turn his attention to the cultivation of lavender instead of tuberose.

Hobbes—The Vineyard. By John Oliver Hobbes. Appleton. \$1.50.

Mrs. Craigie's salt has lost its savor as far as epigrams are concerned, but it is a question whether the dish is not, on the whole, just as palatable thereby. "He beholdeth not the way of the Vineyards" does not give a strictly accurate idea of what the novel is about, and when one has finished it, the meaning of the title is not appreciably less amorphous. The story is the old, old one of two worthy women (one of whom would be more worthy if spanked out of hysteria) in love with a weak, handsome man. The outcome is as satisfactory as could be expected, since life is made up of compromises. Perhaps the curious matings in the end are the ways of the Vineyard. Mr. Claude Shepperson's illustrations are just as bad as in Eden Phillpotts's "American Prisoner," with one or two exceptions.

Jacob—The Interloper. By Violet Jacob. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

A book written better than it deserves to be. Nothing could be more old-fashioned and artificial than the plot, the incidents, and most of the characters. It is almost as if an ancient three-volume novel by an obscure author had been skilfully condensed and rewritten for the modern taste. For Mrs. Jacob writes with vigor and charm, and has also humor of a very genuine though of a somewhat cold and merciless variety. Her comedy scenes are undoubtedly the most original and the best in the book. Nevertheless, it is evident that the writer has sufficient power and penetration to write an admirable novel, should she decide to take the trouble to create her own characters. A character as stalely theatrical as Barclay, her lawyer-villain, has not appeared in fiction for many a year.

Lanier—The Romance of Piscator. By Henry Wysham Lanier. Holt. \$1.25.

An interesting romance of fishing and love between Piscator and his Peri, delicately conceived, but unexciting as sitting underneath a tree all day holding an unbitten line.

Lawrence—Crecy. By Edith Lawrence. F. M. Buckles Co. \$1.00.

An unusually sprightly little story,—a romance of old Princeton in Revolutionary days. Even though Revolutionary heroines are legion, Lucretia Culpeper, the "Crecy" of the title, stands out with undeniable origin-

ality. And even though the device of telling a story by means of letters be hackneyed in the extreme, this author has nevertheless contrived an effect of freshness and charm. Crecy's love-story is more than usually readable.

Lorimer—Old Gorgon Graham—More Letters from a Self-made Merchant to his Son. By George Horace Lorimer. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

To one who has read the first volume of "Letters from a Self-made Merchant to his Son" this sequel may be sufficiently endorsed as just as good. Like their predecessors, the letters of Old Gorgon Graham start from a definite point, generally a request by his son, and expand into epigrammatical moralizings on life and business. Anecdotes and sententious remarks are mingled indiscriminately, with the balance of interest on the side of the former. Old Graham is a distinct character, clear-headed, and of the West, but he lacks book-knowledge, and well-rounded epigrams should have little place in his mental scheme. However, on occasion his remarks are exceptionally apt, as:

"When a fellow tells you that it hurts him to have to borrow, you can bet that the thought of having to pay is going to tie him into a bow-knot of pain."

Mackaye—The Canterbury Tales of Geoffrey Chaucer. A modern rendering into prose of the Prologue and Ten Tales by Percy Mackaye. Illustrated. Fox, Duffield & Co. \$2.50 net.

"The barrier of absolute speech is the occasion and the apology for the rendering of the Canterbury Tales in English easily intelligible to-day," says the author in his Preface. Granted that such a barrier exists, the work is a success, for the selections are well made and the modernization conservative. Though much of the charm of the original is necessarily lost by transcription, yet Mr. Mackaye has brought the verse of Chaucer into an easy-flowing prose, that retains the savor of the fourteenth century, while fulfilling the promise to avoid archaisms unless they are easily understood. The need for such a work by those uninitiated in the English of Chaucer will be apparent on reading the original text of a passage like that on page 222 of the present volume, explaining the trick by which the Canon drew silver from quicksilver for the benefit of his dupe, the priest. The selections taken are: The Prologue, The Knight's Tale, The Prioress' Tale, The Nun's Priest's Tale, The Physician's Tale, The Pardoner's Tale, The Tale of the Wife of Bath, The Clerk's Tale, The Squire's Tale, The Franklin's Tale, and the Canon's Yeoman's Tale, together with the Prologues and Epilogues needed to yoke them into Chaucer's design. For the sake of propriety, or in fear of redundancy, lines have been omitted, but, on the whole, Mr. Mackaye's paraphrase is complete within its limits, earnest and modest, and deserving of greater praise than if it had been

constructed in verse with an eye to directing the reader's thoughts from Chaucer to a modern poet. Six illustrations in color have been made by Mr. Walter Appleton Clark, and the text is well printed on a laid toned paper.

Mighels—Bruvver Jim's Baby. By Philip Verrill Mighels. Harper. \$1.50.

Perhaps no hero of a book ever asserted his right to this flattering position any more inadequately than the baby Mr. Mighels has professed to write a book about. Apparently much more familiar with adjectives than with babies, Mr. Mighels has made a substantial use of the one in a vain attempt to conceal the insubstantiality of the other. Moreover, the veriest tenderfoot would decline to accept this thin and diluted version of the life of a mining camp. Not only is the story without merit, but even its faults are not robust enough to arouse a hopeful interest in the reader. It does, however, serve to stimulate a certain curiosity as to whether there can really be demand among readers for such vapid and inept writing.

Morgan—The Issue. By George Morgan. Lippincott. \$1.50.

An intricate and over-peopled story, not only of Civil War times, but of the thirty years preceding. Webster, Clay, and Calhoun are introduced familiarly into their period. President Lincoln appears when his turn comes, and hardly any personage of note is omitted. Yet in spite of its intricacies and excess of material and certain affectations of style, "The Issue" has far more substance and solid merit than most stories of the war. It avoids the conventionally romantic, the strutting and the costuming and the war heroics with which readers have become only too familiar. "Po" is a new and decidedly interesting type of heroine.

Peattie—The Shape of Fear. By Elia W. Peattie. Macmillan. 75 cents.

A score of eminently readable little ghost-stories, neither hackneyed nor overdrawn. It is a considerable departure from tradition to put stories of the "supernatural" in so professionally concise a form; but any honest reader must admit his relief at finding this kind of material competently treated, yet freed from superfluous machinery and verbiage. Mrs. Peattie is always an excellent story-teller, and this miniature volume well displays both her sentiment and her dexterity.

Rowland—To Windward. By Henry C. Rowland. Barnes. \$1.50.

The story of a young New Englander, who wins his way against adverse fortune, at sea and ashore, to supremacy as a surgeon. Without possessing or affecting literary style, the book unfolds the hero's inevitable progress from obscurity to fame, with a momentum born of athletic optimism.

Stanley—Order No. 11. By Caroline Abbot Stanley. Century Co. \$1.50.

This is a tale of the Missouri border at the

time of the Civil War, told by one who grew up among the surroundings which she now reveals for us with dramatic skill and real charm. It deals with the life of a delightful family who had brought into Missouri their slaves and the traditional hospitality of Virginia; to educate the children they import a young lady of abolitionist training and a New England conscience. The points of view are contrasted with a nice restraint and considerable humor. War feelings and border raids and the "Order No. 11" commending the abandonment of the homes are woven into the fortunes of as winning a set of young people as one often meets in fiction. The reader has a sense that it is all the "real thing," and the book has the happy faculty of ringing true in the little side observations as well as in the characters. It is thrilling, sane, direct in appeal, well sustained in interest, and should take a creditable rank among stories of American life.

Taylor—A Daughter of Dale. By Emerson Gifford Taylor. Century Co. \$1.50.

Parts of this novel, such as the first chapter, have the air of material originally designed for short stories and therefore somewhat irrelevant in the present connection. Other parts suggest very well-written padding. Lovers of "old-fashioned" sentimental fiction ought to delight in Barbara, the "Daughter of Dale," a character as unlikely as could be imagined to have developed in a modern university town. Even less plausible is the brief post-graduate career at "Dale" of the hero. Yale University and New Haven may be supposed to supply the background for the story. But there is no attempt whatever to picture undergraduate life, and it seems unfortunate that of the university's post-graduate students the men should be represented as afflicted with hysteria and the women with imbecility. The one relief to the irritation and distress of mind caused by reading this purposeless book is that the young man and woman who are its main characters arrive at a satisfactory, if unnecessarily belated, understanding on the last page.

Waller—The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus. By M. E. Waller. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

A book for the bedridden and discontented—the story of a young Vermonter, whose body was partly paralyzed and who learned to make the most of life through correspondence with a chance acquaintance. Knitting to pass the time gave way to wood-carving for various city people, and the continuation of studies and reading begun before the accident. The literary criticisms of Carlyle and Michael Angelo in Hugh's letters are relieved by the character sketches of Aunt Lize and Twiddle, the little girl who furnishes the main amusement in the book.

Whitson—The Rainbow Chasers. By John H. Whitson. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

A story of the plains and the fast-passing

phases of prairie life which will always have their own popularity. "All of which I saw and part of which I was," the author says in the preface of his subject-matter.

Wilson—New England in Letters. By Rufus R. Wilson. Wessels Co. \$1.50 net.

A pleasant account of pilgrimages to the notable literary landmarks of New England—Portland (birthplace of Longfellow), "Whittierland," Salem (for Hawthorne), Cambridge (Lowell, Holmes, and others), Boston, Plymouth, the Berkshires, and elsewhere; with illustrations of the homes of many authors.

HISTORY

Baker—History of the London Stage. By H. Barton Baker. Dutton & Co. \$3.00 net.

A full history of the London stage is naturally much too long for one volume, so, within the limits of 550 pages, the author has contented himself by tracing in an easy manner the rise and vicissitudes of the Playhouses of London, from their foundation in 1576, through the Blackfriars of Shakespeare's day, the Drury Lane Theatre, and the Bower Saloon, to the present time. From a mass of materials he has constructed a clear narrative of the principal dramatic events, and the players and authors connected with them, during a period of three hundred and thirty years; and to this he adds a number of personal impressions of actors past and present. His remarks on such men as Garrick, and such women as Peg Woffington, while not altogether new, are admirably put *résumés* of facts that others have collected. A chronological list of the London theatres from the earliest period to the most modern construction forms a valuable preface, while ten photo-engravings of famous actors and actresses make an interesting addition to the text.

Colquhoun—Greater America. By Archibald R. Colquhoun. Harper. \$2.50 net.

A successful attempt to describe the evolution suggested by the title; dealing with the nation as "a world-power, and the American ideal in the cosmogony of the world." The many problems of race and policy which this expansion has involved are discussed, with the increase in resources, wealth, and power that has followed, and the future results that may be expected. The book is illustrated with many maps and diagrams.

Elson—History of the United States. By Henry W. Elson. Macmillan. \$1.75.

A book which aptly fills the gap between the ordinary school histories and the bulky and costly works on the subject. It contains nearly a thousand pages,—remarkably good measure for the low price,—with a 32-page double-column index, many maps (some of which are particularly notable for their illustrative character), a concise bibliography, and very sensible "suggestions to readers." The treatment of controverted political and sectional questions is, on the

whole, thoroughly fair and judicial, and the general execution scholarly and commendable.

Morris—Historical Tales: America, 2d Series. By Charles Morris. Lippincott. \$1.00.

Stories of Ponce de Leon, de Soto, John Smith, La Salle, Gen. Oglethorpe, Patrick Henry, Eli Whitney (of cotton-gin fame), the heroes of the Alamo, Robert E. Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson, and others, covering a wide range of American history in peace and war, and well told and well illustrated for young people.

Reddaway—Frederick the Great. By W. F. Reddaway. Putnams. \$1.35.

The fact that this is the 30th volume of the "Heroes of the Nations" is of itself good evidence of the merit and popularity of the series to which the book is a worthy addition. Less eulogistic and less voluminous than Carlyle's famous biography, it is a very complete and satisfactory account of the man, with all his talents and defects, of his work in the enlargement and internal reformation of Prussia, his foreign policy, and his influence on Europe. It is well illustrated with military maps, portraits, etc.

Schierbrand—Russia: Her Strength and Weakness. By Wolf von Schierbrand. Putnams. \$1.60 net.

The author takes the extreme pessimistic view of the political, financial, and social condition of Russia, believing that the country is clearly "on the road to national perdition." Her military strength, in his opinion, is greatly overestimated; her "bulk" alone gives her prestige as a great power; and socially she is "very far below any other country of Europe," Turkey not excepted. He fortifies his views and conclusions by a startling array of facts and figures, and, whether we fully agree with him or not, the book is trustworthy and valuable for the vast amount of information it contains, while it is all presented with great vivacity of style.

Weale—Manchu and the Muscovite. By B. L. Putnam Weale. Being letters written from Manchuria in the autumn of 1903. Macmillan. \$3.00.

This bulky book is written in a rapid, lively style by one who thoroughly knows his Manchuria. Though composed before the present Russo-Japanese War, Mr. Weale describes the complete failure of Russia in Manchuria and the causes of the feebleness of her army. Of course the reader will allow something for the writer being English, yet facts are facts, as the sequel to-day has proved. Russia in Manchuria has grievously sinned—morally, politically, socially, economically, and this throughout the whole corps, from Alexief to the foot soldier of the ranks—in her conduct of "the railway Empire." Mr. Weale's writing is in a snappy, newspaper style of the higher sort. Maps and an index would have improved the book.

MISCELLANEOUS

Gould—The Brownings in America. By Elizabeth Porter Gould. The Poet-Lore Co. \$1.75.

Both poets were widely known in this country before they attracted much attention in England; and they were highly gratified to know of it. One of the earliest critical and appreciative reviews of Robert Browning's plays and poems, from the pen of James Russell Lowell, appeared in the *North American Review*, in April, 1848. Another review, by John Weiss, was printed in the *Massachusetts Quarterly Review*, June, 1850, and another in the *Christian Examiner*, the same year. *Colombe's Birthday* was performed in a Boston theatre in February, 1854. It had been played only once before—at the Haymarket in London, April, 1853. Mrs. Browning's poems were published here in 1842, and Robert's volumes after that date were promptly reprinted by Ticknor, in Boston, upon their publication in England. Much interesting information of the same character is included in this little book, which cannot fail to be welcome to "Browningites" on both sides of the Atlantic.

Hamlin—Copyright Cases. Compiled by Arthur S. Hamlin. Putnams. \$2.00 net.

This summary of leading American decisions on the copyright law and the law of literary property, from 1891 to 1903, with the text of the United States copyright statute, and a selection of copyright decisions in Great Britain and Canada, is published for the American Publishers' Copyright League. To authors, editors, publishers, and literary agents it is, of course, indispensable; and even the general reader would be interested in learning why Dr. Holmes's "Autocrat" and "Professor" and Mrs. Stowe's "The Minister's Wooing" have never enjoyed copyright protection.

Hughes—Real New York. By Rupert Hughes. Smart Set Publishing Co. \$1.50.

A realistic and racy description of certain phases of New York life—the *beau monde*, the gambling dens, "the tenderloin at night," Chinatown, the clubs, restaurants, and saloons, Coney Island, the slums, and Bohemia in general; with a slender thread of story running through it, in which a gilded youth of the city, a San Francisco girl, a "fast" Chicago man, and a country clergyman, are the chief characters. It is copiously and appropriately illustrated.

Reich—Success among Nations. By Emil Reich. Harpers. \$2.00 net.

An able study of three important questions: Which were the successful nations? What were the causes of their success? What nations will be successful in the future? The author's views on this last question may provoke discussion, but, like the rest of the book, deserves serious consideration by all thoughtful men.

Rexford—What Handwriting Indicates: An Analytical Graphology. By John Rexford. Putnams. \$1.25.

The most intelligible book on the subject that we have seen, the study being simplified and assisted by the "Analytical tables," which group the facts under the headings of size, slope, lines, shape, thickness, spacing, connections, capitals, finals, flourishes, etc.; and also by the great number of engraved illustrations—about three hundred in all,—including the autographs of not a few eminent persons. That handwriting is in general an index of character is not to be doubted, but that slight differences in size, for instance, are proof of "honesty" or "deceitfulness," or "cunning," or "thievishness," or "brutality," or "business ability," etc., is not so clear. The author's analyses are, however, very curious and interesting, whatever we may think of some details of his theory.

POETRY

Child—English and Scottish Popular Ballads. By Francis James Child. Cambridge Edition. Houghton. \$3.00.

Not all of the matter in the five large volumes in which the late Professor Child's great work originally appeared is included in this compact octavo of 750-odd pages. For one thing, the first edition gave every extant version of the 305 ballads it contained, in the case of "Mary Hamilton," for instance, the number being twenty-eight; while here of the ballad in question only three versions are given in full, with a stanza or two from each of certain other variants. But there is enough to satisfy all reasonable needs; and what with the introduction by Prof. George L. Kittredge, who with the late Helen Child Sargent prepared this edition, and the textual notes, glossary (by Prof. Neilson), list of sources, index, etc., the work is complete in itself, and a priceless library companion.

Malone—Poems. By Walter Malone. Paul & Douglass Co., Memphis.

The leading and longest poem in this collection treats of the quests of Ponce de Leon for the Fountain of Youth. The vehicle is blank verse, the special structure of which suggests that the author has been a studious admirer of Tennyson, while the special theme of this master, which is suggested in the poem in question, is Enoch Arden.

But we are indisposed to quarrel with any sequacious tendency towards established and classic forms, in a time when arabesque and rococo verbiage and rhodomontade seem to be the *desiderata* aimed at by the average verseright. With the exception of his first two efforts, Mr. Malone's work, in this volume, is lyrical in form, and in theme is largely devoted to descriptions of season and landscape in his native Southland.

Wilkinson—Two Plays of Israel: David of Bethlehem; Mary Magdalen. By Florence Wilkinson. McClure, Phillips & Co., N. Y. \$1.50 net.

In Miss Wilkinson's "David of Bethlehem," as in Mr. Rice's version of the same historic material, there is a goodly array of Old Testament names and characters (not less than twenty-five persons, we believe, including "the three mighties"—whatever they may be!). There is full and abundant explication of the situation and action, moreover, in the handy italics of stage directions! There is cleverness in the introduction of various episodes not provided in the original story; there are sudden revelations and effective antitheses of character. And yet the convincing archaic picture is wanting, and the antique spirit does not, for us, breathe from her creations. The writer, we feel, is more versed in the lore of a Juliet and her nurse, or of a Rosalind and her bosom-friend, than in the probable view and speech of a daughter of Hebrew Kings and her confidante.

In the second play given in this volume, "Mary Magdalen," being less bound to align her work according to the diagram laid down in the ancient text, the author enjoys the liberty of constructing her plot as suits her best. Accordingly she invents for Mary Magdalen a mysterious lover, one Ithomar, whose disclaiming of her charms with the cool disdain of a philosopher but the more enhances his attraction for her. Ithomar, also, has frequented gatherings where the voice of the new Judean Teacher has been heard. Mary, in seeking Ithomar and his haunts, is thus led to the source of her own salvation. Incidentally, she comes upon a group of the suffering gathered at the Pool of Bethesda to be healed at the "troubling of the water." There, helping the lame child, Rachel, she finds in the latter the guidance that brings her to the light.

PSYCHOLOGY

Boutmy—The English People. A study of their Political Psychology. By Émile Boutmy. Member of the French Institute. Translated from the French by E. English. Putnams. \$2.50.

This is a study somewhat deeper than Max O'Rell's well-known productions. At the same time it is not perhaps a perfectly just estimate. It has always been hard for the English and French to understand one another, and yet this painstaking essay does at times get at the spirit of the English people. M. Taine had made some inspired guesses, no doubt with as many or more errors. M. Boutmy seems to have got a better insight into spirit of the politics than into that of the religion and literature of the English. At all times he endeavors to be judicial. He cannot justly be called brilliant and convincing, but its temper is good and it may be put on the shelf along side of Montesquieu's "Spirit of Law," and Rosmini's "Five Wounds of the Church."

Hall—Adolescence: Its Psychology and its Relations to Physiology, Anthropology, Sociology, Sex, Crime, Religion, and Education. By G. Stanley Hall, Ph.D., LL.D., President Clark University. 2 vols. Appleton. \$7.50. 2 vols.

This is an exceptionally important work; and we dare to say that its value cannot easily be overestimated. President Hall is not only familiar with the enormous mass of literature on this subject, but adds considerable contributions taken from his own experience.

There is no branch of the topic which the author has ignored. Bathing, food, exercise, are discussed, as well as dwellings, schools, study, games, and prayer. The physical, intellectual, and spiritual education is carefully treated. Even a chapter upon methods of teaching adolescent races is worthy of the careful consideration of those in charge of the work of Christian Missions. The systems of catechetical and other sorts of religious instruction given youth by the several Christian denominations of America receive significant attention from our author.

The importance of our best and early effort to understand what we owe to youth is that, in our opinion, if the race is degenerating it is due "to the progressive failure of youth to develop normally and to maximal maturity and sanity."

An excellent chapter on *Adolescence in Literature and Biography*, ought to be transferred to the pages of *THE CRITIC*, for it suggests new canons of literary criticism.

In fine, what we chiefly admire in this scientific array of treasures new and old which President Hall has brought forth, is the sanity of temper and patient, judicial attitude, and the breadth of intellectual sympathy which permits him to understand the bearing of his thoughts and conclusions upon all the relations of human life.

RELIGION

Singer—The Jewish Encyclopedia. Prepared by more than four hundred scholars and specialists, in twelve volumes when complete. Volume VII., Italy—Leon. Funk & Wagnalls. \$8.00.

That this seventh volume is strictly brought up to date is proved by the instance that it contains an account of the Chess Tournament held May 19, 1904. That it is comprehensive appears from the thorough treatises upon *Jesus*, upon *Lasalle*, *Columbus*, and *Kalir*. The article on *Jerusalem* is thorough and the plates and maps ingenious and helpful. Other important articles are those on *Jerome*, *Justin Martyr*, *Joseph of Arimathea*, the *Koraites*, and the *Epistle of James* (which is now generally conceded to be originally a Jewish work into which a small modicum of Christianity was later interpolated). The disposition of Jewish writers to claim that almost every one of importance in the history of the world since the Christian Era is of Jewish blood need not impair the value of this work, since Ripley has shown that the Jews are a people, not a race.

(For list of books received see pages following)

